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Magenta.

Under the willows; in the tramped maze;
'Midst up-torn vines and scattered mulberry
rows;
In rice-fields, corn fields, dykes by dusty ways,
And cottage crofts, where the gold gourd-flower
blows;
Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long
days,
The dead lie thick and still; foes all at peace with
foes.

So nameless dead! no need of glory
For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs;
Yet each life here link'd many in its story
Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
Of these unhero' sleepers, grim and gory,
Who knows out of the world how much each with
him bears?

These were all sons or sires; husbands or broth-
ers;
Breath-winners, most of them for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay; that a blind mother's;

For him, in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
A loving heart its care in labor smoothes,
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike
—how far!

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of
her?

Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
Under her window waving banners stir,
And shouting crowds to Notre Dame that flow.
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such
triumphs blur!

TON TAYLOR.

THE CONSCRIPT.

BY HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

CONTINUED.

Kate paused for a reply, and, after a mo-
ment or two, John said—

"How well you tell a story, Kate. My
heart beat wildly as you went on! I thought
I could see the whole passing before me; and
when you said that our Lord touched my
eyes, I felt something I can't describe. Then
I saw the Virgin so distinctly that I could
draw on the sand the golden flowers that glit-
tered on her robe."

"What flowers did you see?"

"Immense roses."

"The same that I saw! It's amazing!"

"And lilies, too, like last year's in the
brewer's garden."

"I saw both roses and lilies! But how is
this possible? My head is in a maze!"

"Ah! my sweet love," said John, with a
sigh, "don't suffer yourself to be deceived by
false hopes. 'Dreams are lies,' says the
proverb. It was only a cheering consolation
sent us by God during our journey."

"Never mind!" ejaculated Kate, cheerfully.
After last night I shall always love the
Mother of God more than I have done hitherto.
But come, let us move on more rapidly
before the sun gets high. So take the stick;
for the path is getting narrow and rough.
I'm afraid our chat made us lose ourselves."

"Kate, dear, you must look out for the
road, for my legs are getting tired. I can't
walk ten hours to-day."

"Don't excite yourself, John," replied she,
slackening her pace; on a level health like
this we always reach the desired spot. And,
there now! I see two towers—Moll and Bae-
len—as they told us this morning."

"How far off, Kate?"

"A league and a half about. Can you get
that far this morning?"

"Yes, if we rest occasionally."

"You have only to say when you are tired.
Now, be quiet; else you will fatigue your-
self still more."

The sun rose higher and higher in the skies,
and the heat became so intense that the per-
spiration ran in large drops from both the
panting wayfarers; and still John no longer
complained of being tired, but walked on
stoutly behind his companion. He broke the
silence only on one occasion, and that was to
say that the broiling luminary pained his
eyes and seemed to increase their inflam-
mation.

After walking quite an hour Kate stopped
suddenly, without saying a word to John, who
was somewhat startled at the unexpected
halt.

After waiting a moment for an explana-
tion—"What do you see, Kate," said he,
"that you stop so suddenly?"

"I've done a pretty thing, John!" replied
she, sadly; "I've done a pretty thing indeed!
God knows how far we are out of our road!
Here we are in front of a large rivulet which
crosses the heath, and I see no bridge any-
where on which to pass it?"

"That's a pity," answered John; "I am begin-
ning to get tired again. Is it deep?"

"Oh, no! I told you it was nothing but a
large rivulet. I can see the bottom distinctly.
It's about knee-deep only."

"Well, Kate, let us try to cross it; it will
save us the trouble of going back again."

"It's impossible, John, for the banks are
too steep; you can neither go down nor up
them. Yet, let us try and make a virtue of
necessity," added she, after a moment.

She led the blind man to the brink, threw
the knapsack to the opposite bank, and glided
into the water.

"What are you about, Kate?" asked John,
who stood listening to her.

"Throw your arms around my neck now,
and hold on well," replied the girl, leaning
against the bank, as she took John's hand,
drew him towards her, and encouraged him to
obey her directions in spite of his dissent.

Loaded with her heavy burden, and trem-
bling beneath it, she reached the opposite side,
where, in a panting voice, she directed the
sufferer to grasp some willows firmly till she
could help him. John obeyed her at once, and,
with her assistance and the aid of the
branches, crawled to the top. Kate followed him
directly, and rung the water from her
dripping garments.

"Well," exclaimed the blind man, as soon
as he recovered his breath, "I believe, Kate,
that you are goodness and devotion personified!
Sad, sad indeed am I that I cannot re-
ward you for all the pity and compassion you
have shown me."

"Come, come!" said she, interrupting him;
"it isn't worth the breath we spend talking
about it! I carried you across the water;
that's much to make a fuss about, isn't it? The
sun will soon dry my clothes. Let us go on
slowly; in half an hour we shall reach the
first tower, which must be Moll, and we'll
rest there."

"Is the water of the streamlet clear?"
asked John.

"As glass! Are you thirsty? Wait;
there's no harm in getting wet now. I'll
bring you a drink."

She drew their tin cup from the sack, as
John interrupted her:—

"No, no; it is not a drink that I want;
but my eyes pain me very much. Give me
some water and a bit of linen to bathe them;
it will do me good, I think."

Kate descended again to the stream, filled
the cup with clear water, and tore a piece of
linen from the bosom of her under dress.

"Now, sit down on the grass, John, and let
me bathe your eyes, else you will wet your
clothes."

John followed her directions, and seated
himself on the ground, with his back to the
sun. Kate took off the visor and began to re-
fresh his eyes with the damp rag; and, as
the soldier declared that he felt great relief,
she left his sightless orbs and washed his
forehead and the rest of his face, till John
put back her hand gently, with, "That will
do, my love!"

As she stepped back a few paces to get the
visor, John suddenly leaped up, cried out
aloud, and, with his hands stretched towards
her, stood trembling in all his limbs, as some
incoherent words dropped from his lips.

"Goodness, John!" cried Kate, rushing
toward him in alarm, "what's the matter
with you?"

But the sufferer, like one half crazed,
pushed her away.

"Back! back, Kate!—farther yet! Stand
where you were, I beg of you!"

Amazed, not only at the tone of his voice,
but at the incomprehensible expression of de-
light that kindled in his face, Kate complied
with the blind man's prayer and retreated
some paces from him. John instantly opened

his eyes, and raising his hands to heaven, ex-
claimed:

"Oh, my dear Kate, I saw you! My left
eye is not entirely gone!"

The poor girl was seized with a feverish
trembling, as if she had been thunderstruck;
and as she tottered toward him:

"No, no, John, it can't be!" exclaimed she.
"Don't kill me with joy! The sunlight de-
ceived you, poor fellow!"

"I saw you!" cried the soldier, beyond
himself with delight; "I saw you in the
darkness, like a shadow! My left eye is not
gone, I tell you! It is the realization of your
last night's dream, Kate!"

A piercing shriek escaped from the girl, as
she fell humbly on her knees and murmured a
prayer of gratitude, with her hands raised
to heaven. John saw her, though indistinctly
and like an undecided outline, and let him-
self fall beside her. Kate, who was alto-
gether absorbed in her ecstatic prayer, did
not notice him for some moments; but, as
the offering to heaven gradually calmed her
spirit, she turned her head, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear John! did you see what I
was doing?"

"I saw it!" answered John, in a transport
of joy.

"O Father in Heaven!" cried Kate, as tears
started in her eyes, "tis you who have done
this! Never, never will I forget it; and
every year will I go barefoot, in gratitude, to
the holy shrine of Montaigu!"

After this fervent aspiration, the ardent
maiden's strength seemed entirely to abandon
her. She leaned her arm on the soldier's
shoulder, hid her face in his breast and wept
in silence. Nor was the youth less moved
than she, for he too lacked words to express
the emotion that stirred in his heart. A future
of thankfulness, love, and happiness re-
opened to his mind, and ravished his soul
with the blessed life that was still in store
for him!

At length Kate rose from the ground, tied
on the green visor, but the knapsack on her
back, took John by his hand, and both of them
started once more on their journey, with light
feet and lighter hearts.

"Oh, John dear, I don't know what's the
matter with me," said she, as they departed;
"but I want to dance and jump for joy. I
could walk now, I'm sure, for twenty hours
without feeling tired!"

"And I too, Kate," replied he; "it seems
as if I could fly! Oh! my love, if my left
eye could only be cured! What a blessing!
what a blessing! My heart leaps when I
think of it!"

"Be cured!" exclaimed Kate. "It will be
cured. God in heaven will watch over it.
Don't you see that His hand was in it? And
then—my last night's dream!"

"And I too, Kate," replied he; "it seems
as if I could fly! Oh! my love, if my left
eye could only be cured! What a blessing!
what a blessing! My heart leaps when I
think of it!"

"Not so, John," answered Kate, smiling.
"You think, I suppose, that my arms could
get used to idleness. You shall see!"

"Never mind!" replied he; "you shall do
only what you want to do, and nothing else.
And our parents, Kate—how happy they will
be till the last hour of their old age, in the
enjoyment of our watchful love! I will have
the wall between our cottages knocked away,
so that we shall have but one house. It will
be a paradise of content and joy!"

"That's a good idea, John!" said Kate;
"as soon as we get home the wall shall come
down, and then grandfather, our two moth-
ers, Paul, you, I,—and even the cattle,—can
always see each other,—can always live to-
gether!"

And Kate clapped her hands with delight,
like a child.

"And then," added John, "we have too
little land to be forever worked or lie fallow;
so I will begin to deal in wood, and by de-
grees we may lay up something for the future."

He stopped suddenly, for Kate just then
covered her eyes and sobbed.

"Why do my words sadden you?" asked
John.

She took his hand, pressed it tenderly, and
replied:

"Oh dear, dear, John, don't speak of such
blessings. My heart breaks when I listen to
you, though it's only for joy. John, I'm so
happy that I will lose my senses if you go
on talking about the heaven that awaits us!"

"But I can't stop talking, Kate; my heart
is full. Let me go on, and do you talk, too;
so we shall reach Moll happily and almost
without knowing it!"

CHAPTER VII.

Toward the close of the afternoon, Kate and
her lover were crossing the heath beyond
Casterlee, where they had passed the Nethe.
They were both silent and dull, though neither
had referred to the other the painful de-
pression of their spirits.

Since they resumed their afternoon jour-
ney, Kate had already washed John's eye five
or six times. Indeed, she never saw a brook
or spring without stopping to try if it pos-
sessed the miraculous properties of the first
rivulet. But, alas! all her devotion in this
respect was but a source of despair to herself
and the unfortunate youth.

It is impossible to say whether John had
been deceived, or whether the cool water and
the friction of the linen on his lids had in-
creased the inflammation; but it became pain-
fully certain that he could no longer discern
the outline of his companion. In truth, the
suffering of his eyes increased to such a de-
gree that he could no longer bear the least
glimmer of light, and he closed his lids with
an expression of the utmost torture whenever
Kate removed the visor from his brow. And
so the irresistible conviction grew in the
minds of both that they had been led astray
by a cruel delusion and that his blindness
was completely incurable. Hope—that hap-
py uncertainty—still lingered in their hearts;
but they could only dispel the gloom and anxiety
with the feeblest rays of consolation. There
was another cause for depression. They had
walked seven leagues since morning, and
were extremely tired; the blind man espe-
cially, had often stumbled on the road, and
was worried and worn out. Stupefied, and
holding on mechanically to the stick, he drag-
ged himself along behind his sweet-heart,
with his body leaning forward and staggering
like a lifeless machine. His feet were bruised
and, had he not lost all consciousness, he
would have felt the warm blood trickling from
his right heel.

Nor was poor Kate less fatigued; yet she
continued to walk forward without saying a
word, and even without looking back at the
soldier. The anxious maiden did not dare to
speak, for she had no more words of consolation
to impart. The seductive vision of the
morning was gone; the hope of happiness had
disappeared! Joy had made her beside herself
when a smiling future was displayed to her
eyes, but just in proportion as she had
been elated was she now depressed and heart-
broken. What then could she say to her lover
to cheer him? Talk to him about his eyes,
and lie in the face of her convictions? She
dared not do it! It would be breaking both
their hearts with bitter mockery!

After a long and gloomy silence, John sud-
denly stopped, panting for breath in utter ex-
haustion.

"I can go no farther, Kate," said he.

"I am worn out too," replied the girl, but
without coming back. "Let us rest a little,
and then pass the night in yonder village."

"Oh, let us go no farther!" said he, entreat-
ingly.

"We are near a garden, twenty steps far-
ther there is a nice row of beech-trees, where
we shall have shade."

"Go quickly, then!"
She took his hand and led him to the trees,
where she made him turn his back to the
trunks and seat himself. John fell heavily on
the grass with his head on his breast.

Behind the spot where the soldier and his
companion halted, the limbs of the trees had

been trained back and interlaced toward the interior of a garden. Within the arbor that was thus formed, a gentleman was whiling away the afternoon with a book in his hand. He seemed to be very old, for his face was deeply wrinkled, while the few locks still sprinkled over his head were as white as snow. A frock-coat buttoned to the chin, and the red ribbon of some order on his breast, gave him the air of a retired officer.

When he heard the two travellers in his rear, he turned and beheld through the leaves a soldier and a young peasant-girl with a knapsack on her back. The group rather surprised him at first; but he thought it must be a sister accompanying her brother to the paternal home and who had lovingly relieved his shoulders of their burden. This trait of innocent affection struck the old gentleman very forcibly, and a sympathetic smile lighted his face as he kept his eyes fixed on the respective wayfarers.

"John," said Kate, after some silence, "how sad and dumb you are! What worries you? Fatigue, is it not? It will go off."

Getting no answer, she continued, in a general tone,—

"Cheer up my love, and think that we will be at home to-morrow. It must be twenty leagues at least from Venlo to this place, so that three short leagues more and we shall see our village. If we can get off to-morrow morning, that little trip will be no more than a promenade. Besides, we have many reasons to be satisfied; for at any rate, it is lucky that I was able to get you away from the hospital, and I will arrange matters for the future so that you shall not be much worried during the rest of your life. Why don't you speak to me, John?"

The soldier drew his breath painfully, as he answered,—

"My heart beats strangely! my eyes pain me so much! Let me rest!"

Some time elapsed in silence on both sides, during which Kate supposed that it was rather sadness than fatigue that depressed her lover. She generously concealed her own suffering in order to console the blind man, as she continued,—

"You are *perfectly* sure that you saw me, John, are you not? I am satisfied from that circumstance that some life is still left in your eye, though you may think yourself entirely blind. It is only the excessive heat that has inflamed your eye. Have patience till we get home; we will sell some of our new grain and send for the doctor at Wyneghem. I am sure we will cure you entirely, for he has worked miracles with people who were as good as dead. Now think, John, to-morrow we will be near your mother, grandfather, and Paul, and I will carry you round to receive the welcome of all your friends. After you rest a while your eyes won't hurt you so much, and you will be able to see a little again. And then we will offer a prayer to the Virgin, for there is no doubt that—but what's this? I see blood on your stocking; and yet you said nothing about it, poor lamb!"

She hastened to take off both shoe and stocking and to stanch the blood by binding up his bruised limb with her white neckerchief. She thought of telling him that it was only a slight wound; but as she raised her eyes, she began trembling like a leaf, and asked, in terror,—

"What ails you, John, my love?—you become so pale!"

"I can't tell," he stammered, almost inaudibly, "My heart sinks; I feel as if I were dying!"

A shudder ran through his frame, his head fell on his shoulder, and his arms sank beside his body on the grass.

Poor Kate shrieked wildly; rubbed the cold, pale cheeks of her lover; strove to raise his head, and cried out with despair,—

"John! John! He is dead! Water! water! Help! help!"

Springing up instantly, she looked around like one bereft of reason, and ran in all directions for succor. An exclamation of joy broke from the agonized girl as she saw a gate near the corner of the hedge which led to a house, toward which she ran as rapidly as her strength allowed.

As the poor girl approached the door, she perceived two persons pass out of it and move toward her. One was an old gentleman with white hair, whose physiognomy inspired profound respect; while the other, an aged man also, still seemed robust and strong. A large

scar, like a saber-wound, streaked his face from chin to forehead and imparted an expression of severity to his features. He carried a waiter with two bottles, a pitcher, and some linen. It was doubtless a servant of the old gentleman, for he followed him silently and at a respectful distance.

"Oh, sir!" cried Kate, despairingly, "give me a little vinegar and water! A poor blind man has fainted beyond the hedge yonder. Have mercy on him, in God's name, sir! do a kind thing and go with me to the spot. Oh, come, I beg of you!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

DOUBTFUL AND FABULOUS ANIMALS. THE KRAKEN.

Among the various animals whose existence is as yet doubtful, or positively fabulous, the first place may be assigned to the creature usually termed the *kraken*, a fish of enormous size, but differing from the sea-serpent, another huge denizen of the ocean. The *kraken*, if the evidence now to be adduced on the subject entitles us to speak of it as a thing of reality, would appear to be a kind of cuttlefish, possessing long arms, or tentacles, with which it seeks for and grasps its prey. It seems to be the animal alluded to by Milton, as that

"which God, of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream.
Him haply swimming on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming an island oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee."

According to Norwegian writers, the *kraken* appears occasionally on the surface of the water in calm weather, stretching out far and wide like a floating island, and exhibiting many enormous arms at all parts of its circumference. The numerous accounts given of it differ as regards its actual size; but most writers describe it as about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and as covered on the back with sea weeds. After remaining some time in the sun, it is said to sink slowly, causing a great eddy in the waters.

The accounts of these authors are in such a style as to betray great exaggeration, and anything but an anxious investigation of evidence. But we must try to sift the real from the unreal. Bishop Pontoppidan states that the fishermen of Norway, when out at sea on summer days, "often find but twenty or thirty fathoms of water, where they knew they ought to have had eighty or a hundred fathoms. At these places they generally find the greatest quantities of fish, especially cod and ling. Their lines, they say, are no sooner out than they can draw them up with the hooks full of fish. By this they judge that the *kraken* is at the bottom." The Bishop then goes on to say, that experience has taught the fishermen to fly the instant that the water grows shallower. From a safe distance they then behold "the enormous monster come up to the surface of the water; he there shows himself sufficiently though his whole body does not appear. Its back, or upper part, which seems to be, in appearance, about an English mile in circumference (some say more, but I choose the least for the greater certainty), looks at first like a small number of islands, surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds; at last, several bright points or horns appear, which grow thicker and thicker the higher they rise above the surface of the water; and sometimes they stand up as high and as large as the masts of middle-sized vessels. It seems that these are the creature's arms; and it is said, if they were to lay hold of the largest man-of-war, they would pull it down to the bottom." By and by, the monster sinks with a great eddy; and the Bishop adds, that it possesses or emits a peculiar scent which attracts fish to its unwieldy vastitude.

The most remarkable characteristic of the creature described consists in its enormous "arms," distinguishing it at once from the whale or any of that genus. A similar creature is described by Pliny as having been found in the gut at Gibraltar. He states it to have been provided with vast arms, so widely spread out as to impede the navigation of the Straits." A more modern writer, Paulinius, confirms, in every respect, the account of Bishop Pontoppidan, on the authority of Ambrosius Rhodius, professor in the University Christiana in Norway, and a man of "supereminent trustworthiness." That gentleman related, that, near the castle of Wardchuss, on a calm day, an immense mon-

ster made his appearance on the surface of the ocean. "Its circumference was so great that a troop of horse might easily exercise on its back." It lay long with its back exposed to the sun like a rock covered with weeds, and then sunk gradually out of sight. From its long arms, it was called a Herculean crab; and the fishermen said that if boats approached closely to it, they were seized and submerged by these expanded feelers. Another writer, Olao Magnus, alludes to the same immense animal; and mentions that an early British Bishop, named Brendanus, being on an episcopal peregrination to the north, came with his companions to an island, as they deemed it, on which they were tempted to land and kindle a fire. The island, however, quickly began to descend, and the Bishop and his friends escaped with difficulty, made aware that they were on the back of a living creature.

But, passing over such testimonies, which render one very much of the stories of Sindbad, let us come to a more direct species of evidence. In the year 1680, an occurrence took place, of which an authentic account was drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Frus, minister of Boden in Nordland, and vicar of the College for promoting Christian knowledge. Into a strait between rocks, in the parish of Alstang, an animal of great size was found to have entered, and there to have entangled itself. It had arms of great length and strength, and these were wound among some trees hard by, while the body, also, was so fixed by projections of the rocks, that the creature could not work itself out, but perished and putrefied on the spot. Such was the length of time which it took to decay that the whole channel was rendered impassable by the fester. Large though it was, this animal was held to have been young, as, when advanced in years, they appear solid to move, and perhaps cannot move far from on spot.

Such being the accounts which we have of the *kraken*, the question arises, "What foundation may there be for them, and is there any existing creature really approaching this alleged magnitude?" To speak frankly, we think it cannot be doubted that there is some such animal, though its proportions have been monstrously exaggerated. The cuttle-fish, long called a polypus, agrees with the *kraken* with respect to its arms or tentacles, and is authentically known to reach a great size. Pennant, in speaking of this animal, mentions that specimens of it have been seen in the Indian seas measuring two fathoms in breadth across the central part, with eight powerful arms, each nine fathoms in length. Shaw observes: "The existence of some enormously large species of the cuttle-fish tribe in the Indian and northern seas can scarcely be doubted; and though some accounts may have been exaggerated, yet there is sufficient cause for believing that such species very far surpass all that are generally observed about the coasts of European seas." Shaw then alludes to the case of Captain Dens, a modern navigator, who lost three men by such a monster in the African seas. As this case is very curious, we subjoin an account of it, abridged from the French of Denis Montfort, a writer who collected various instances of the same kind.

To Denis Montfort, Captain Dens related that while between the island of St. Helena and the Cape of Good Hope, in about the 15th degree of south latitude, his vessel was becalmed for several days, and he resolved to profit by the occasion to clean the ship. For this purpose, several planks, suspended by cords, were let down from the sides of the deck, and several of the men took their station there to perform the work. They were so engaged, when one of those monsters, called by the Danes *Ankerrods*, rose suddenly from the deep sea, and casting one of its arms around two of the men, drew them in an instant, with their scaffolding, into the sea. Next moment a second arm was thrown around another of the men, but he had sprung up to the strong ropes, and the monster, enclosing these, could only crush him, while he emitted the most piteous cries. Meanwhile, the crew had rushed to his aid. Some began with knives and axes to cut asunder that terrible arm which encircled him, while others launched harpoons into the body of the animal. The man was freed, and then it became the good captain's strenuous endeavor to recover the other two men. Five harpoons were in the creature's body, as with its prey it sought to descend again into the depths of

The harpoon-lines were allowed to run out in part by the captain's orders, and then he ordered them to be drawn back. This brought the monster a short way up, but it soon resisted, and too successfully. Four of the harpoon-lines broke, and the fifth harpoon came out of the body, leaving the unfortunate victims with their captor. In addition to this sad loss, the man who had escaped died in the night, rather from a delirium of terror than from his injuries, though these were severe. The head of the monster had not been seen, but a part of its body, but that part of the arm which had been cut off measured twenty-five feet in length, and was as thick as the base as a mizzen-mast. The length of the whole limb must have been much greater—probably, as Capt. Dens thought, from thirty-five to forty feet.

A case similar to this is illustrated by a picture in the chapel of St. Thomas, at St. Malo, placed there by a ship's crew, in remembrance of their preservation of the coast of Angola. An enormous cuttle-fish had grasped their whole vessel in its embrace, and was on the point of dragging it to the bottom, when, by the most desperate exertions, the sailors succeeded in hewing off the members which were hauling them to destruction. In their extremity they had vowed vows to St. Thomas, and the picture is a memorial of these.

This colossal cuttle-fish yet remains undescribed by zoologists, for it has never been accurately observed. Admitting that it exists, we can easily conceive how the imagination of the few mariners and others who have seen it, might expand its actually large body into a bulk far beyond what are, to us, the bounds of probability.

EXTRAORDINARY INCREASE OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.—In a commune of the department of the Meuse, in 1819, a stalk of wheat was shown, bearing 565 shoots, and each of these a beautiful ear. This extraordinary plant was the produce of a grain of wheat dropped by accident, and confirms what has been said in favor of the method of sowing corn thinly, to make it shoot well, and consequently to save a great deal of seed. Taking the number of grains on each of these ears at 35 on the average, the return for the original seed was 1,960. We read in the *Art de Multiplier les Grains*, by M. Francois de Neufchateau, who quotes the *Ephemérides de Vallenont*, to a 1671 a stalk of barley grew in Silesia to a very great height, and that it produced 13 large and 9 small ears, all very full; that Denis, physician to the King of France, had obtained from a single grain of wheat above 200 ears; and that *Freres de la Doctrine* at Paris possessed a bouquet of barley with 249 stems, which yielded 18,000 grains.

CHINESE PISCICULTURE.—The science of pisciculture was known to the Chinese long before it was discovered in Europe, but their mode of operation appears different. The Chinese fisherman, after carefully collecting from the banks of the river, or from the surface of the water, the gelatinous masses which contain the spawn, fill with it a number of hen's eggs, which they have previously emptied for the purpose, and then place them under a hen. At the end of a certain number of days, they break the eggs, by throwing them and their contents into water which had been gently heated, and the young fry are soon hatched. They are afterwards kept in pure cold water until they are large enough to be thrown into a pond with other fish. The sale of spawn intended for hatching in this manner forms a rather considerable branch of commerce in China.

FEMALE "RIFED VOLUNTEER."—A good-looking Irish girl named Curran, enlisted a few weeks ago at Liverpool, in the Sixteenth Rifles. It was some little time ere her sex was discovered, and then her services were dispensed with. Her object in joining the regiment was to enjoy the society of her brother, who is one of the privates. She ingeniously disguised herself for the purpose of enlistment, and her short hair and male attire completely imposed upon the superficial spectator.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES.—In Spain there may be truly enough said to be "honor even among thieves," the Spanish robbers generally giving their victim a certificate of his having been plundered, which effectually protects him from any further molestation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Abbey Walk.

[By an old Scottish poet, Henryson.]
Alone as I went up and down
In an abbey was fair to see,
Thinking what consolations
Was best in all adversities;
On ease I cast aside mine e'e,
And saw this written on a wall—
In what estate, man, that thou be,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.

Thy kingdom and thy great empire,
Thy royalty, no rich array,
Shall not endure at thy desire,
But, as the wind, will wend away;
Thy gold, and all thy goddes gay,
When fortune list will thee fall
Sin' thou sic samples sees ilk day,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.
Job was most rich, in wirt we find
Tobies most full of charitee;
Job waxed poor, and Tobie blind,
Bath tempted with adversities.
Sin' blindness was infirmitie,
And povertye was natural,
Right patiently bath he and he
Obey'd and thanked God for all.

Though thou be blind or have an halt,
Or in thy face deformed ill,
So it come not through thy default,
No man shoulde therifp by skill,
Blame not thy Lord, so is His will;
Spurn not thy foot against the wall;
But with meek heart and prayer still
Obey, and thank thy God for all.
God of His justice mann correct,
And of His mercy pity have;
He is ane judge, to nane suspect,
To punish sinfull men and save,
Though thou be lord attour the lave,
And afterward made bound and thrall,
A poor beggar with scrip and stave,
Obey, and thank thy God for all.
This changing and great variance
Of earthly states up and down,
Comes neither through fortune nor chance,
As some men says without reason,
But by the great provision
Of God above that rule shall;
Therefore thou ever make thee boun
To obey and thank thy God for all.

Interview between Napoleon Bonaparte and Metternich, on the Temporal Power of the Pope.

The following is an extract from a conversation between the late Prince Metternich and M. Veullot of The Universe, which has been published in that paper:

"I had a conversation," said the Prince, "one day with Napoleon, when the Pope was at Savona, a prisoner in the hands of the French. Napoleon had a certain affection for me; he was aware that the Pope honored me with his confidence, and he said to me, 'Do me a service. I am tired of the captivity of the Pope. It is a situation from which no good can arise, and which must not be prolonged. I wish you would go to Savona. The Pope accords you his friendship. Speak to him as a common friend, and induce him to accept a plan which I have prepared to put an end to this unfortunate affair.'"

I observed that I ought to have permission from the Emperor.

"Will you refuse me that?" replied he. "It appears to me that you would not commit yourself by employing your efforts for the peace of the world."

"It is," said I, smiling, "because I doubt whether it is the peace of the world you propose to the Pope. Will you have the kindness to explain your plan?"

"It is," said Napoleon, quietly, "that the centre of the church should be no longer at Rome, but in Paris."

I could not restrain a movement of surprise, and a smile of credulity. * * *

"Yes," replied that formidable man, "I will bring the Pope to Paris, and I will establish the head of the church here. But I wish the Sovereign Pontiff to be independent. I will give him a suitable establishment near the capital. I will give him a palace, and that he may be perfectly at home, I will declare the territory around his residence neutral ground. He will have his College of Cardinals there, his diplomatic corps, his congregations, his court, and that he may want nothing, I will secure him an annual revenue of six million francs. Do you think that he will refuse?"

"I affirm that he will, and that all Europe will support him in his refusal. The Pope will find, and not without reason, that he would be as much a prisoner with your six million francs as in Savona."

Napoleon exclaimed against my opinion, and alleged a thousand overwhelming reasons. When he concluded I said to him: "Your Majesty extracts a secret from me. The Emperor of Austria has had the same idea as you. He sees that you will not send back the Pope to Rome; he does not wish that the Pope should remain in prison, and he likewise is thinking of making a provision for him. Your Majesty knows the royal chateau of Schönbrunn. The Emperor will give it to the Pope, with a territory of from ten to fifteen leagues, entirely neutral. He adds to it a pension of twelve million francs. If the Pope accepts this engagement, will you consent?"

The Emperor perfectly understood the apologue, but he was the stronger, and he wished to have the opinion of Pius VII. on his plan. The Pope replied as I had anticipated, "That Savona appeared to him to be as good a prison as Paris; that he found himself, moreover, there in the centre of the church; that his conscience was his free territory; that he did not want six million francs; that twenty sous a day were sufficient, which he would thankfully receive as alms from the Christian world."

The conversation then turned on the affairs of Italy. The Prince spoke with great contempt of Italian unitarianism.

"Of all the chimeras in the world, that is, perhaps," said he, "the most absurd. That which might strictly be conceived is a Kingdom of Upper Italy, formed of Lombardy and Piedmont, but union is opposed to the character of the two people. We find falsehood at the bottom of all those patriotic professions which are made on this subject. Political towns hate each other—commercial towns wish to destroy each other. Milan wishes to absorb Turin—Genoa wishes to devour Venice. If Venice were removed from Austrian domination, it would fall immediately and absolutely to ruins. Genoa and Ancona are perfectly aware of that. For my part, I wish that Venice was not necessary to Austria as a military position, and that we could abandon it. The taxes collected in Venice scarcely suffice to pay for the cleaning of the canals, to maintain the municipality, and to prevent the palaces from falling to pieces. The Emperor expends annually several millions on them. The breakwater constructed to prevent the port from being choked with sand, has cost thirty million francs. It is not Venice herself that could execute such works, nor could the royalty of Upper Italy—the rural towns would soon prevent it. This great wreck can remain standing only under the protection of a great empire."

INGENUITY OF INSECTS.—The Carapaeus vernalis lays its eggs in small balls of dung which it rolls up for that purpose; but if it meets with a sheep pasture, it is wise enough to adopt what it finds ready made. The caterpillar of the common yellow butterfly fastens itself to a wall by means of silk thread, which, to insure its adhesion, is attached to a preparatory flat web laid on the stone. But, upon being furnished with a piece of muslin, instead of the latter, it fastened the thread without any previous preparation. Thus, many other insects, if deprived of the substances which they commonly use for their nests, will find substitutes in something else. On a similar principle of accommodation, many of them alter their plans if disconcerted by an accident, varying them in such a manner as to meet the exigencies of the new case. The end of a cylindrical cell, constructed for the head of a caterpillar, having been cut off, and there being no room to replace it properly, the animal changed its place and adapted it to receive its tail, making a new head piece at the other end. In the beautiful geometrical web of the garden spider many guys are required to keep it tense, and to prevent it from being blown away by the wind. These,

however, cannot be fixed by any invariable rule, as they depend on the forms and distances of the various supports. Moreover, it is easy to see that they are distributed always according to the necessities of the case. If the position of a branch is altered, or a support taken away, a new guy is carried out to some convenient part; and when it comes to blow the spider may be seen strengthening his standing rigging exactly at the places where his building is in want of most support. Dr. Darwin remarked that a wasp, which he watched, attempted to carry off a large fly which it had caught, when, after various attempts, in which the wind, by acting on the dead animal's wings, had impeded its flight, it alighted on the ground with its prize, snipped off the wings and then bore away the carcass with ease. The same has been observed in the case of other insects, compelled, after several trials, to the necessity of biting away one part after another, till they had reduced their prey to a size capable of entering their holes.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.—It was in the spring of the year 1841 that the first missionary of the new Society of Jesus turned his clear blue eyes, for the last time, upon the orange groves of Spain, and set his face toward the shining Orient. A Portuguese vessel, destined to carry out to Goa a new Indian Vice-roy, and a reinforcement of a thousand men, suffered the great-hearted enthusiast to slink silently on board, and to mingle with the noisy crowd of soldiers and mariners on her deck. No pleasant, well-fitted cabin was there for him—no well-supplied "cuddy-table"—no outfit that he did not carry on his back. He pillowed his head upon a coil of rope, and ate what the sailors discarded. But there was not a seaman in that laboring vessel, there was not a soldier in that crowded troop ship, who did not inwardly recognize the great soul that glowed beneath those squalid garments. No outward humiliation could conceal that knightly spirit; no sickness and suffering could quench the fire of that ardent genius. The highest and lowest held converse with him; and abject, prostrate as he was, he towered above them all, alike as a gentleman and a scholar. And when, thirteen months after the vessel sailed out of the port of Lisbon, its rent sails were furled, and its strained cables coiled before the port of Goa, there was not one of the many enthusiasts, who now, as they dropped down her weather-stained and shattered side, shaped for themselves in imagination so brilliant a career in the great Indies, or heaped up such piles of visionary wealth, as stirred the heart of Francis Xavier. But his career was only that of the Christian missionary, and the riches he was to gain were countless thousands of human souls. It was Xavier's will to suffer. The King of Portugal had ordered that on his passage to India a cabin should be placed at his disposal, and furnished with everything that could render tolerable the discomforts of a sea life. But he had rejected these kindly offers, and contented himself with the bare deck as his home; a single cloak to shelter him in the foul weather, and a few books to solace him in the fair. And now that he had reached the point at which were to commence his apostolic ministrations, the same spirit of self-denial and self-dependency animated him in all that he did. He had prayed before his departure for more stripes; he had asked the Divine goodness to grant him in India the pains that had been faintly foreshadowed in his Italian career. He had carried out all sorts of briefs and credentials from regal and pontifical hands, and the Bishop now eagerly tendered him assistance, and pressed upon him pecuniary support; but he refused all these episcopal offers, and sought no aid but that of God.

MINETUNES OF ATOMS.—Gold-beaters, by hammering, can reduce gold leaves so thin, that 282,000 must be laid upon each other to produce the thickness of an inch; yet those leaves are perfect or without holes—so that one of them laid upon any surface, as in gilding, gives the appearance of solid gold. They are so thin, that if formed into a book, 1,500 would only occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper; and an octavo volume an inch thick would have as many pages as the books of a well-stocked ordinary library of 1,500 volumes, with four hundred pages in

each. Still thinner than this is the coating of gold upon the silver wire of what is called gold lace, and we are not sure that such coating is not of only one atom thick. Platinum and silver can be drawn into wire much finer than human hair. A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color may be perceived. A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight. The carion crow smells its food many miles off. A burning taper, uncovered for a single instant, during which it does not lose one thousandth of a grain, will fill with light a sphere four miles in diameter, so as to be visible in every part of it. The thread of the silk-worm is so small, that many of them are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it, by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or four hundred miles. In the milt of a codfish, or in water in which vegetables have been infused, the microscope discovers animalcules, of which many thousands together do not equal in bulk a grain of sand; and yet nature, with a singular prodigality, has supplied many of these with organs as complex as those of the whale or the elephant, and their bodies consist of the same substance, or ultimate atoms, as that of man himself. In a single pound of such matter, there are more living creatures than of human beings on the face of this globe. What a scene has the microscope opened to the admiration of the philosophic inquirer! Water, mercury, sulphur, or in general any substance, when sufficiently heated, rises as invisible vapor or gas; that is, reduced to the gaseous state. Great heat, therefore, would cause the whole of the material universe to disappear, and the most solid bodies to become as invisible and impalpable as the air we breathe. Few have contemplated an annihilation of the world more complete than this.

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN OUTWITTED.—On a Wednesday evening, Mrs. Howard Paul was giving her wonderful imitation of Mr. Sims Reeves, at the St. James's Hall, in the entertainment of "Patchwork." Among the audience was a Russian nobleman, who had never before visited the English metropolis. On the conclusion of "Who shall be fairest," sung to perfection by Mrs. Howard Paul, the Russian applauded vehemently, and expressed a desire to his friend and *cicerone* (an Englishman) to be presented to the exquisite tenor. His friend at once assured him that it was not a tenor, but a lady that he had just heard. "Impossible!" said the Russian, "this is mere badinage. I am not so great a stranger in England that I am to be told that English ladies possess tenor voices." "But, I assure you," pursued the Englishman, "it is no device of mine, but a singular truth—that was the voice of a lady, and a wonderful imitation of Mr. Reeves, our first English tenor." In spite of this assurance the Russian was incredulous. He shook his head doubtfully. "My friend," said he, "I have no doubt you believe it to be a lady, but there is some trick some artifice here beyond your comprehension. No woman living could mimic the notes and intonation of a man so closely. Depend on it you are the dupe." It was in vain the Englishman protested that he was correct. His noble friend grew excited. "Sir," said he, with emphasis, "I'll wager you 100*l.* that it was not a lady who sang. Do you take me for an imbecile, that I can't distinguish a female, even if she be in male attire?" The wager was then and there agreed upon. At the end of the entertainment the whole party waited to see the heroine of "Patchwork" in *propria persona*; and it was not until the Russian heard Mrs. Paul, attired as a lady, sing the same song, that he would believe it was not a gentleman he had listened to only an hour before. Of course the Englishman won the 100*l.*, and at once signified his intention of bestowing it on a charity. As the group left the room the Russian cast a glance back at Mrs. Howard Paul, and addressed his friend with a puzzled air, "Ma foi! are you quite sure this is a lady and not a gentleman in crinoline got up to play a trick on me?" Mrs. Howard Paul caught the last words, and instantly sat down at the piano and sang a Russian Troika song in her natural voice. This at once completed the little comedy. All suspicion at once vanished, and the group departed with the notion that Mrs. Howard Paul is not only an admirable mimic, but that English tact and dramatic skill are to be

found to baffle the eyes and ears of wondering Russians.

NEW ZEALAND COOKERY.—Their mode of cooking is simple, economical, and expeditious, and an abundant meal for a large party can be well cooked in a short time, and with a small expenditure of fuel, in a hangi, or native oven. The signs of a forthcoming meal are never to be mistaken. Several of the women—on hospitable thoughts intent—may be seen briskly engaged in scraping potatoes and carrying them to the nearest brook to be washed. The village Kuia will then begin to bury herself in cleaning out a hole in the ground about two feet in diameter, and a foot deep. In this hole she will then light a wood fire, and place upon it a score of stones about the size of her fist; when they have become thoroughly heated the fire is raked out of the oven and the hot stones are left at the bottom. Bunches of green leaves, or pieces of well-damped matting, are then placed upon the stones, and the potatoes are poured in; to the potatoes are sometimes added pumpkin, taro, hie, kumera, or cabbage, according to the season, and sometimes a string of eels, or some other fish, or a piece of pork. The contents of the oven are then carefully covered with several folds of matting, a little water is poured upon the top, and the whole is completely covered over with a heap of fine earth, so as effectually to confine the steam. On state occasions some of the younger women, while the food is in the oven, will be seen quickly plaiting the leaves of the flax plant into small open baskets; nor have they much time to spare for the purpose, for in the course of about half-an-hour the presiding genius will be dimly seen, enveloped in a cloud of steam, raking the earth from the top of the oven, and carefully removing the layer of matting. When the last mat is removed, there is disclosed to view the huge pile of food, beautifully cooked, hot, and steaming; every part of it perfectly well done, without a single speck of dirt to be seen upon it. Thus cooked the contents of the hangi will be found to be excellent; and what is not a little curious, however varied may be its contents—though it contain fish, flesh, fowl, dried shark and vegetables—neither the flesh will be underdone, nor the vegetables overdone. While the food is being served up in the newly-plaited baskets, the company divide themselves into small groups, and a basket of food is then placed by the ladies before each group, who, without aid of knife or fork, soon empty it of its contents—the woman and children commonly taking their meal afterwards, apart.

THE JAPANESE CITY OF YEDO.—The city of Yedo and its two thousand suburbs, Sinagawa and Omagawa, curve round the bay for nearly ten miles; and subsequent comparison of our remarks upon its extent landward, with a native plan, confirmed the belief that the area of Yedo might be considered as square, every side of which was seven miles long. Of course the whole of this area is not closely built on; indeed, in no capital that we know of has more care been taken to preserve fine open spaces, especially around the palaces of their emperor and princes, and the neighborhood of their temples and tea-houses, both of which are the constant resort of all classes in Yedo. Within the limits of the city are several hills of moderate elevation, as well as gentle slopes; in all cases they were but thinly built upon, and extensive gardens with many magnificent trees, principally adorned their sides. On a hill which rises from the heart of the city, and from a mass of densely crowded buildings, the imperial palace is built with a crenellated wall, half hidden by the green banks and shady trees, within whose limits the ruler of this kingdom is immersed for life as the sad penalty of his high position. The houses look very neat and comfortable, and are principally of wood—stone and brick being avoided as much as possible in consequence of the frequency of earthquakes. No walls enclose the city, whose site is admirably adapted to admit of almost unlimited increase in extent, without interfering with drainage, supplies, intercommunication, or ready access to the waters of the bay, which insures to those living upon its shores cleanliness, sea air, and an easy highway. A river, the Toda-gawa, flows through the heart of Yedo; we could see one fine bridge spanning it near its mouth, and there are two others further up. Besides the Toda-gawa, some smaller streams intersect the town and suburbs. The absence of

imposing edifices, and the general want of elevation in the ground upon which the city stands, render the view from the sea by no means imposing; but its extensive front, the throng of life evident in the fleet of boats and vessels passing and repassing, the batteries and guns which frowned upon us, the hum as of a multitude at hand that was borne to our ears when the breeze came off the land, all impressed us with the fact that we were at anchor off one of the largest capitals of the world.

THE FLY HEADS OF NORTH AMERICA.—The process is as follows: The Indian mothers all carry their infants strapped to a piece of board covered with moss or loose fibres of cedar bark, and in order to flatten the head they place a pad on the infant's forehead, on the top of which is laid a piece of smooth bark, bound on by a leather band passing through holes in the board on either side, and kept tightly pressed across the front of the head—a sort of pillow of grass or cedar fibres being placed under the back of the neck to support it. This process commences with the birth of the infant, and is continued for a period of from eight to twelve months, by which time the head has lost its natural shape, and acquired that of a wedge; the front of the skull flat and higher at the crown, giving it a most unnatural appearance. It might be supposed, from the extent to which this is carried, that the operation would be attended with great suffering to the infant, but I have never heard the infants crying or moaning, although I have seen the eyes seemingly starting out of the sockets from the great pressure. But, on the contrary, when the lashings were removed, I have noticed them cry until they were replaced. From the apparent dullness of the children whilst under pressure, I should imagine that a state of torpor or insensibility is induced, and that the return to consciousness occasioned by its removal, must be naturally followed by the sense of pain.

REMARKABLE PETRIFYING SPRING.—There is probably no one unacquainted with the nature of what are called petrifying springs, fountains of water where plants, animals, &c., are changed into stone, the peculiar organic structure of the object being still distinctly marked in its strong similitude, "another, and the same," as the poet hath it. At Clermont, in the south of France, a place where mineral waters abound, there is a spring which possesses the power of petrification in a very extraordinary degree. Some years ago, when a learned professor of the name of Blanqui visited that quarter, there was an ox undergoing the process of transformation, and although the animal had begun to sit, or rather stand, for his statue only twelve months before, one half of him was already done into a stone monument! Several horses are said to be seen turned into monuments to themselves, and ornamenting in the capacity of statues the fields where they once pastured whilst a collection of other quadrupeds, and of birds, fruits, and flowers, bear ample testimony to the formidable powers of this truly magic spring. There are many petrifying fountains in this country, but none whose powers at all approach to that of Clermont. Even the renowned hot springs of Furnas must yield to it, although there also the process is carried on to a great extent. It may be mentioned, that the district around Clermont is mountainous and volcanic, and that the tufts and ashes thrown out by the eruptions which occurred antecedent to the historical era, contain an immense variety of the bones of animals of the quadruped class, as well as birds. Cuvier has described many of those remains as belonging to new or extinct species of the mastodon, elephant, hippopotamus, and so on.

[English paper.]

ANCIENT INKS.—According to the Roman naturalist Pliny, and other authors, the basis of the ink used by ancient writers was formed of lamp-black, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have also supposed that the black liquor which the cuttle-fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, from an ink-stand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as a thick oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times. Inks of different colors were much in vogue; red, purple, blue, and gold

and silver inks, were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar and carmine; the purple from the murex; one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Golden ink was much more popular amongst the Greeks than amongst the Romans. During the middle, or dark ages, the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business; another connected with it, and to which it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in colored and gold and silver inks.

ADVANCEMENT OF THE ANCIENTS IN COMFORT.

—I have alluded to the wheel tracks which are deeply cut in the pavement [at Pompeii]; but these are not the only marks of activity which strike the eye everywhere. The stepping-stones at the doors, for example, are mostly worn down by the feet, and the sides of the wells are deeply cut with the bucket ropes. It is very remarkable, that even the narrowest streets of Pompeii are furnished with commodious raised pavements for the foot passengers—*trottoirs*, as they are called in French. And this reminds me of an odd word for the thing, but not the thing itself; while in England they have the thing but not the word, which obliges them to use the compound expression, foot-pavement. What is perhaps still more curious, the Italians, in process of time, instead of improving, have gone backwards in this matter, for Pompeii, which must be upwards of two thousand years old, is far better off for trottoirs than any modern town in Italy. It may be mentioned, also, that at the crossings in the streets of Pompeii, a line of stepping-stones, six or eight inches high, is always placed; a contrivance for the accommodation of foot-passengers which I never saw in any other part of the world.

DEATH BY HORNETS.—A most melancholy accident occurred here (at the Nerbuddah at Behra Ghat, near Jubbulpore, May 16) on the 10th inst. Two European gentlemen belonging to the Indian Railway Company, viz: Messrs. Armstrong and Boddington, were surveying a place called Bunder Coode for the purpose of throwing a bridge across the Nerbuddah, the channel of which, being in this place from ten to fifty yards wide, is fathomless, having white marble rocks rising perpendicularly on either side from 100 to 180 feet high, and beetling fearfully in some parts. Suspended in the recesses of these marble rocks are numerous large hornet's nests, the inmates of which are ready to descend upon the head of any unlucky wight who may venture to disturb their repose. Now, as the boats of these European surveyors were passing up the river a cloud of these insects overwhelmed them; the boatmen, as well as the two gentlemen, jumped overboard, but, alas! Mr. Boddington, who swam and had succeeded in clinging to a marble block, was again attacked, and being unable any longer to resist the assaults of the countless hordes of his infuriated winged foes, threw himself into the depths of the water never to rise again. On the fourth day his corpse was found floating on the water and was interred with every mark of respect. The other gentleman, Mr. Armstrong, and his boatmen, although very severely stung, were out of danger. This sad occurrence has cast a very deep gloom over the small town, the more so two young railway engineers engaged on this line a few weeks ago were barbarously murdered by the rebels at a place not 100 miles from this town.

PALM WINE.—This beverage, which is often mentioned by the ancients, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm-tree and inserting a quill or reed, through which the juice exudes. It is very pleasant to the taste, but powerfully intoxicating; and people in the East are frequently much amused by observing its effects on lizards, which, as soon as the tree is left by those who have been extracting the liquor, run up and suck it with eager delight. They soon become intoxicated, and in that state lie listless, looking up in the face of the spectator with a stupid stare. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but they seem to be proof against its effects, or else they are seasoned tapers, for none have ever been observed to be worse for it.

FACETIAE.

A servant girl was sent by her mistress, during the late warm weather, for a piece of beef. The butcher forwarded it in due course, but on removing a portion of the suet, the indications of life which presented themselves were not to be mistaken. Next day the same girl went for a leg of lamb.

"Are you sure it is sweet?" was an inquiry which she duly made.

"Positively," said the butcher; "the lamb was alive yesterday."

"So was the beef you gave me," was her reply.

At a public dinner where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company, watching for an opportunity, as he thought, slid one into his pocket, but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him took up another and stuck it into the button-hole of his bosom, which the chairman perceiving, asked him in good humor, "What was his fancy in that?"

"Why," replied he, "I thought every man was to have one, because that gentleman over against me put one in his pocket."

A sailor, calling upon a refiner in the city, asked him what might be the value of an ingot of gold as large as his arm. The refiner beckoned him into a back room, and primed him with grog. He then asked to see the ingot.

"Oh," said Jack, "I haven't got it yet, but I'm going to Melbourne, and would like to know the value of such a lump before I start."

A man went into a beer shop, and called for a pint of ale. He drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the landlording if anything was the matter with his beer. The answer was that it was first-rate beer. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder. When he got to the bottom, seeing something in the measure, he asked what it was.

"I declare," said Boniface, "I forgot to take out the soap when I shaved this morning!"

"Why do you always walk with a stick?" said Smith to Robinson, on meeting him in the street; "except the infirm, I regard those who use walking-sticks as idlers, with nothing to do."

"Quite the reverse," replied Robinson; "I look upon them as active and industrious persons, who always have something in hand."

A well-primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, ran into a teatotal grocery, and, hiccuped, "Mr. —, do you—keep—a—anything—I could take—here?"

"Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you could have."

"Well! I know it!" was the reply; "there is no—one thing—that's done so much for navigation—as that."

A doctor ordered one of his patients to drink flower of sulphur and water; the patient expressed his disgust by significant grimaces.

"It is only the first glass that is hard to drink," said the doctor.

"Then," rejoined the invalid, "I will begin with the second."

A young rogue accidentally broke a pane in a window, and attempted, as fast as he could, to get out of the way, but was followed and seized by the proprietor, who exclaimed, "You young rascal, you broke my window."

"I know I did!" said the lad; "and didn't you see me running home for the money to pay you for it?"

"Madam, has your piano an oselian attachment?" asked Stubbis the other night, of the wife of a man who appeared to live fully up to, if not beyond, his means.

"Hush!" whispered Stiggins in his ear, "it has a Sheriff's attachment." Stubbis dropped the subject.

A learned lord, speaking of the salary attached to a rumored appointment to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lord Lyndhurst, in his dry, sarcastic way, said, "May be so, but I have strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

A master bade his servant to go and see what time the sun-dial indicated.

"Why, sir," expostulated the servant, "it is night."

The reason why whales frequent the Arctic seas, is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

Why is anything re-considered accounted "profitable?" Because it is considered again.

A young Sawbones having courted a girl for a year and got the mittens, turned around and sued her father for "visits" he paid her.

Merscham pipes, it is said, are made out of the foam of the sea. The manufacture of them, therefore, must be a *surge*-ical operation.

There is a man in New York whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. Per consequence, he has not paid for his last pair of boots.

some quarters there was an appearance that a re-assuring manifesto from the Emperor was looked for.

The Paris correspondent of The London Herald says that the greatest activity prevailed all along the French coast. The *Channel coast was being fortified, and from Cherbourg to Dunkirk earth batteries were being constructed at every three yards.*

The Moniteur of the 20th July contained the following:

Yesterday evening the Emperor received the great bodies of the State, the presidents of which, M. Troplong, Count de Morny, and M. Baroche, addressed congratulatory speeches to his Majesty. The Emperor thanked them for their devotion, and then explained the reasons for his conduct during the great events. He said:

Arrived beneath the walls of Verona, the struggle was inevitably to change its nature, as well in a military as a political aspect. Obliged to attack the enemy in front, who was entrenched behind great fortresses, and protected on his flank by the neutrality of the surrounding territory, and about to begin a long and barren war, I found myself in the face of Europe, its arms, ready to dispute our success or aggravate our reverses. Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would not have shaken my resolution, if the means had not been out of proportion to the results to be expected.

It was necessary to crush boldly the obstacles opposed, and then to accept a conflict on the Rhine as well as on the Adige. It was necessary to fortify ourselves openly with the concurrence of revolution. It was necessary to go on shedding precious blood, and at last risk that which a sovereign should only stake for the independence of his country. If I had stopped, it was neither through weariness or exhaustion, nor through abandoning the noble cause which I desired to serve, but the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to put reins upon the ardor of our soldiers, to renounce from my programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see vanish from honest hearts noble delusions and patriotic hopes.

In order to serve the independence of Italy I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destiny of my country might be endangered I made peace. Our efforts and our sacrifices, have they been merely losses?

No; we have a right to be proud of this campaign. We have vanquished an army numerous, brave and well organized. Piedmont has been delivered from invasion; her frontiers have been extended to the Mincio. The idea of an Italian nationality has been admitted by those who combated it most. All the sovereigns of the peninsula comprehended the wants of salutary reforms. Thus, after having given a new proof of the military power of France, the peace concluded will be prolific of happy results. The future will every day reveal additional cause for the happiness of Italy, the welfare of France, and the tranquillity of Europe.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria left Verona for Vienna on the morning of the 14th. His order of the day, published at Verona on the 12th, says that Austria commenced the war for the maintenance of her sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of her people, the bravery of her army, and on her natural allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The Emperor cordially thanks the people as well as the army, who have again shown that their Sovereign may confidently rely on their devotedness if any new struggles should arise.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered an immediate cessation of the recruiting just commenced.

The Vienna correspondent of The London Times says three applications were made to the Emperor of Austria before he would consent to the armistice. The overtures were made direct by Napoleon for the purpose of preventing the mediation of neutrals.

In the manifesto of the Emperor of Austria, he makes use of the following significant language:

In spite of the ardent sympathy, worthy of acknowledgment, which the justice of our cause has inspired for the most part in the governments and peoples of Germany, our natural allies, most ancient allies, have obstinately refused to recognize the great importance of the grand question of the day. Consequently Austria would have been obliged all alone to face the events which were being prepared for, and which every day might have rendered more grave.

The manifesto concludes as follows:

The honor of Austria coming intact out of this war—thanks to the heroic efforts of her valiant army—I have resolved, yielding to political considerations, to make a sacrifice for the re-establishment of peace, and to accept the preliminaries which ought to lead to its conclusion; for I have acquired the conviction that I should obtain, in any event, conditions less unfavorable in coming to a direct understanding with the Emperor of the

French, without the blending of any third party whatsoever, than in causing to participate in the negotiations the three great powers which have taken no part in the struggle. Unhappily, I have been unable to escape the separation from the rest of the Empire of the greater part of Lombardy. On the other hand, it must be agreeable to my heart to see the blessing of peace assured afresh to my beloved people; and these blessings are doubly precious to me because they will give me the necessary leisure for bestowing henceforth, without distraction, all my attention and solicitude on the fruitful task that I propose to accomplish—that is to say, to found in a durable manner the internal well-being and the external power of Austria by the happy development of her moral and material forces, and by ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time in legislation and administration. As in these days of serious trials and sacrifices my people have shown themselves faithful to my person, so now by the confidence with which they respond to me, they will aid in accomplishing works of peace, and in attaining the realization of my benevolent intentions.

As chief of the army, I have already expressed it in a special order of the day my acknowledgements of its bravery. To-day I renew the expression of these sentiments. While I speak to my people I thank them for their heroism of which they have given proof, and I shall always remember with grief those of our brave companions in arms who have not, alas, returned from the combat.

SARDINIA.

Count Cavour and his colleagues in the Sardinian Ministry had resigned, and their resignations were accepted by the King. This action, it is said, was caused by the conditions of the peace. Count Arree had been charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

Two days before the armistice a war tax was imposed on Piedmont, amounting to one-tenth of all the taxes on property, customs, taxes, &c.

PORTUGAL.

The Queen of Portugal died on the 16th of July from a severe attack of sore throat. It will be remembered that she was married only a few months since.

NAPLES.

Five Neapolitan vessels had landed 2,000 Swiss at Marseilles, and they at once proceeded to Geneva. Altogether 4,000 Swiss had left the Neapolitan service, and the disbanding of many more was expected.

Large bodies of troops had been concentrated at Naples.

SWITZERLAND.

The Federal Council have resolved to disband the troops in the Canton Ticino, where a guard for Austrian vessels will alone remain. They have also resolved on proposing very severe measures to prevent the enrollment of the Swiss for foreign military service. An order has been issued to disband the troops called out during the war, and repealing the measure against the exportation of arms, ammunition, &c.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN EMPERORS.

Some little private information relative to the interview of the two Emperors has just been acquired.

Exactly at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 11th the Emperor Francis Joseph reached Villafranca, where he was received by the Emperor of the French with great apparent kindness, and even a show of deference. The two monarchs took breakfast and remained together until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and it would appear that they settled the bases for the preliminaries of peace before they parted.

In military circles it is reported that Louis Napoleon showed certain documents to the Emperor of Austria which removed any doubt he might have felt about the necessity for sacrificing Lombardy. "The one document," said my informant, "was a Russo-Anglo-Russian peace project, which was based on the cession of Venetia as well as Lombardy, and the other was a despatch in which Prussia expressed her resolve not to draw her sword in defense of any part of the Austrian possessions in Italy."

THE POSITION OF THE DEAD IN THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—While traversing the battle-field of Magenta, the saying which had formerly been current with respect to Russian soldiers, that they must not only be killed, but thrown down, was brought to mind. A great number of the killed, in fact, retained in the part the attitude they were in on receiving their death-blow. Those who had died from injuries in the head usually fell with their faces to the ground, and with complete resolution of the limbs. In those wounded in the heart, death, though rapid, is not so instantaneous that

some attitude cannot be taken. A Zouave struck had fallen on his musket, which he held in the position of a bayonet charge; his energetic face projected forward with the menacing attitude of a dead lion. Not far off, as a contrast, lay an Austrian who had died of hemorrhage, and in his agony he had taken the attitude of supplicating heaven, his face turned upwards and his two hands joined with fingers firmly interlaced. A Hungarian hussar, killed at the same time as his horse, both being shot through the head, remained in his saddle, carrying the sabre forward as during a charge. Some of the Austrian officers found among the slain exhibited a distinguished physiognomy, and were dressed with exquisite, almost affected, neatness and cleanliness—their features, very different from those of most of their soldiers, seeming to exhibit courage with resignation. Such were some of the impressions made upon us while traversing the field of battle, giving rise to painful emotions little calculated to dissipate those produced by still more dreadful scenes within the ambulances, the receptacles of suffering of every kind. Physical fatigue is great, indeed, but so also is the moral exhaustion of the surgeon, and great is the error of those who think his heart is hard, and that his impassibility is the result of indifference.

DEATH OF PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ.—A FLAG OR TRUCE.—It was Captain Corbin of the Staff who, after the battle of Solferino, was sent by the Emperor of France with a flag of truce to the headquarters of the Emperor of Austria to inform His Majesty that Prince Windischgratz was killed. Captain Corbin, who was accompanied by a trumpeter, had a bandage put over his eyes when he arrived at the Austrian advanced posts, and was led blindfolded to headquarters. There, he being uncovered, he fulfilled his mission. Refreshments were offered him, but he only accepted a glass of tokay. His eyes having been again bound, he was conducted to the French advanced posts.

WHAT THE ENGLISH PRESS AND ENGLISH STATESMEN SAY AS TO THE PROBABILITIES OF A FRENCH INVASION.

[From The Manchester Guardian, July 16.] We know not what this new alliance between France and Austria may mean, or what elements of future danger to England it may contain; and our political friends are equally ignorant and averse the march of events, resolutely declining meanwhile to interfere in any way in the settlement of the affairs of Italy. The Emperors have made peace without consulting this country; and our government, cannot, if it regard its own dignity, consent to take part in the Congress which is now proposed to be held to give European sanction to the various decrees of Napoleon and Francis Joseph. [The results proved that England was not invited to take part in the settlement of the affairs of Italy.]

[From The London Tablet, July 16.]

The one great fact resulting from this treaty of peace is, we suspect, the close alliance of France, Russia and Austria, to carry out the territorial and political objects of each. Austria cedes Lombardy and grants peace to France, for something in the way of an indemnity.

The fact is a menace to England and to Europe.

The future is before us always, and it is labor to see what it may contain; but it is difficult to conceive how any man can say that the Emperor of the French is not preparing for a war with England. It will be the most popular act of his reign to have a war. France can, on his side, with the unconcealed sympathies of every nation in the world. When he sets out upon his campaign on English soil, he need fear no secret societies or insurrections at home; he will be hailed as the avenger of nations, and as the scourge of a race that has prospered when it is known that the great honest of writing against ourselves the good wishes of all people, and that will be no pleasant recollection when the French are seen upon our soil.

We have, therefore, no friends abroad—either among the good or the wicked. Nobody knows this better than the Emperor of the French, who, during a "diplomacy and a defeat," the Prussian and Waterloo, will take his revenge upon us at the first opportunity. We have allowed him to become strong by leaving Austria in his hands and playing upon unstable Prussia, and thereby prepared the way for a war.

[From The London Weekly Register, July 16.]

But what if it be the policy of Louis Napoleon to combine Europe with France against England? Does it not look as if this were the mainspring of his subtle policy?

We must be prepared for all events, and put ourselves in a perfect state of defence, no matter how great the cost.

[From a speech delivered by Lord Derby on the 16th ultimo in London.]

At no time in my memory has this country been placed in a position of greater difficulty, greater anxiety, or greater uncertainty with respect to the future, than at this present hour. The cause of the war, and the objects for which we have so far gone, have given rise for serious thought and anxious consideration to England. The passions of men throughout Europe have been excited. Great armaments have been brought together, that strong military feeling which used to be predominant in that country, but which for a time appeared to have been lulled to sleep, is again given way. The feelings of successive military ardor has been so great that the sudden cessation of the war has not permitted the passions which have been so kindled to be satisfied. (Hear.) France has now notably a powerful army, but she is continuing to increase in efficiency a most powerful and most threatening fleet, which is by no means necessary for purposes of self-defence.

France may safely rely upon her army; but her powerful fleet must be to other nations of the world an object, not of self-defense, but of aggression. I believe sincerely that the Emperor of the French is desirous of maintaining friendly relations with England, and I earnestly hope they may be maintained. But I fear that such relations will be imperilled if, in order to guard against a possibility of an alteration of feeling on his own part or on that of his country, we are obliged to make and must continue to make for ourselves, keeping our navy in that state of warlike preparation which is essential to the very existence of this country. That desire, I am sure, is shared in by the present government; but the position of France at this moment, with her powerful army, with a large and increasing navy, and the military spirit awakened in the people, whatever may be the personal objects and wishes of the Emperor, must endanger the friendly relations which should exist between us.

(From remarks of the Duke of Somerset, in the House of Lords, 15th ult.)

A general survey had been recently ordered of the steamers and other vessels at the mouths of the rivers, in order to ascertain how they might be rendered available for defensive purposes.

SCHOOL OF THE ASSUMPTION, BROOKLYN.

EXHIBITION OF THE PUPILS.

The new schoolhouse at the corner of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn, known by the name of the School of the Assumption, presented a pleasant scene on the evening of the 26th. It was the first annual exhibition of the pupils, and the occasion was consequently one of much interest to all concerned. The building is admirably arranged for school purposes, with a due regard to the health and comfort of the children; the different rooms are thoroughly ventilated, and the means and appliances for imparting instruction are to be found in each. To the Rev. Mr. Keegan of the Church of the Assumption the people of that locality are mainly indebted for the new schoolhouse, as it was with him the project originated, and by him, with the generous aid of his congregation, it was carried to a successful termination. The number of pupils has gradually increased, and at present the daily attendance averages about seven hundred. The children looked remarkably well in their neat and becoming attire, and performed their parts in the singing and recitation with spirit and animation. Boys and girls exerted themselves to the utmost on the occasion, and their efforts were crowned with complete success, judging from the pleasure evinced by the audience and their frequent, well-timed manifestations of approval. The clergy were represented by the Rev. Messrs. Keegan and Gandentius of Brooklyn, the Rev. Mr. McGovern of Gowanus and the Rev. Mr. Lynch of Yonkers. The exercises took place in the primary department, in which was assembled a large and attentive audience, made up principally of the parents and friends of the pupils and others who take an interest in Catholic education.

The exercises commenced with "Hail Columbia" by the band, and this was followed by the Salutatory, which was delivered by J. McBride distinctly and well. Several addresses on stirring subjects were forcibly declaimed and heartily applauded. Such as the "Irish Disturbance Bill" and "America." "The Young Orator" and "Three Black Crows," excited a good deal of amusement; but the "Town Meeting," in which fourteen of the boys took part and acted the different characters entrusted to them naturally and easily, was warmly applauded. The girls contributed an equal share with the boys to the evening's entertainment, and their efforts met with acknowledgment and appreciation. "The Beauties of Gossip" were practically delineated by Misses Chapman, Burke, Marin and Gleavy, while Misses Wright and Colling gave a good idea of "The Model School." J. Boyd, J. Gardine and T. Short went through the humorous piece assigned to them with credit, and "City Sights with Country Eyes" was given with decided effect by the young ladies. The various exercises were interspersed with songs pleasantly sung by the pupils, particularly "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," which was well sung by a small member of the girls' department.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the band discoursed some excellent music, and the audience retired well pleased with all they had heard and seen, and anticipating, from the gratifying result of the first exhibition, a prosperous future for the School of the Assumption.

The teachers are Mr. Madden in the male department, and Miss O'Neill and Miss Reynolds in the female.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY. Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic world with all the most important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make this Recoon a good and desirable family Journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The papers of Catholic Education will be published with that attention to them that they are entitled by their importance. Church dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the author to make its Miscellanea on reading both enteraining and instructive.

The editorial column will be devoted to a discussion of the political topics of the day, and all other subjects that are proper to be within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be conducted with that strictness and to all its detail, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year, served by carrier..... \$3.00
Price per year, served by mail..... 2.50
Price per copy, for six copies or more..... 2.00

To Canadian subscribers, this Record will be served for \$3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3.50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:

To transient advertisers..... 12¢ cents per line.

To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per day.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIEKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1859.

A GENERAL SURMISE IN REFERENCE TO THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The METROPOLITAN RECORD has from time to time referred to the progress of events which have succeeded each other so rapidly, whether in the order of war or in that of peace. In regard to both, we may say again that there was no real ground of justice, or truth which could warrant France in declaring war against Austria. It ought to be remembered that Austria had done nothing since the accession of Louis Napoleon to the throne of France to justify the unprovoked language employed by the Emperor on last New Year's day, and addressed to the representative of the Imperial Court of Vienna. It is true that, according to the letter, Austria is supposed to have declared war first, but every one knows that war had been substantially declared by France and that the real blunder of Austria was in not pushing rapidly her position when she crossed the boundaries dividing Lombardy from Sardinia. It is said, but with what truth we cannot say, upon us to state, that the halting and hesitation of the Austrian army resulted from the quasi-benevolent interference of England, thus giving what was required by France—still more time to prepare, and taking from Austria the opportunity which she had to humble her petty and discontented neighbor Sardinia.

What has happened since the actual outbreak of the war is known to everybody. The Emperor of France has acquired the reputation of being a great military chief as well as a great statesman. How far this glory is due to the intrinsic power of his genius and how far it may be accounted for, owing to the embarrassments in which the circumstances of the case had placed his enemy, history will no doubt hereafter

decide, or at least pronounce upon. There is one general feature brought out distinctly as one of the consequences of this very unnatural and very unnecessary contest, and that is that nearly all men, out of France, have been sadly disappointed. That Austria has been humbled to a certain extent is not to be denied—and though on the whole she comes out of the war perhaps the gainer, still this gain, if any, can scarcely heal the wound that has been inflicted on the national pride of the Hapsburg dynasty and empire. It is to us a very comfortable thought that all the Red Republicans, all the Infidels, all the enemies of the Catholic Church both in Europe and America, are, in view of the results of the war, in exceedingly bad humor. If we were incapable of forming our own judgment on the course of events, this alone would be sufficient to direct our conclusions. It was predicted that Napoleon would liberate Italy from all the oppressions of which she has been complaining for years; that the Pope would be dispossessed of his estates and driven forth from the shrine of St. Peter's tomb to seek a home in some foreign and ungenial clime; that the Italians should become, if not Republicans, at least something equal in their recognized rights to form governments for themselves. Now, when the tone of almost the entire press of this country was in harmony with these anticipations, THE RECORD did not hesitate to caution its readers against the delusive hopes of thoughtless, or of ill-minded men. It is quite true that the war has terminated in a manner very unexpected by us, but the Emperor of the French must have foreseen that what we anticipated would occur if he did not adopt some course like the one with which he has surprised both friends and enemies. The clouds of hostility were gathering thick and fast against him, becoming day by day more dense and dark as to his future. Russia had changed her tone already in his regard, and Prussia had mobilized her army and set it in motion to meet him in a quarter in which it is likely he will still have an opportunity of testing his military capacity. England, under the change of Ministry, professed neutrality; but that neutrality, it is easy to be inferred, would last only so long as France and Austria were engaged in the simple process of destroying each other. It is quite probable that Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston know each other to the core, and if so Louis Napoleon must have made up his mind that in a critical emergency Palmerston was the fittest man in Europe to trip him up. The French Emperor then, as we take it, behaved wisely in seeking peace from his brother of Austria. Whatever may be the opinion of the world at large, it is very certain that Napoleon has acquired a moral power and a popularity in France which will go far to establish his government, and even his dynasty, than anything that long-sighted statesmanship could have devised.

But what shall we say of the disappointments which the termination of the war has created? Where shall we look for the fulfilment of those eloquent though brief proclamations that have issued from the mind and the pen of Louis Napoleon? Of course, it may be said that patience is a virtue, and that we shall see hereafter; and this is, perhaps, as satisfactory an answer as the case affords. Very well—let us wait. The principal in the contest was Victor Emanuel. How has he been treated? It would appear that the Emperor of Austria held him in such scorn that he would not allow his name to be mentioned in the terms of peace. He was the principal in the war—Napoleon was but the accessory. He deals with Napoleon as an ally, and Napoleon takes the place of the friend whom he promised to aid, and settles a pa-

cific arrangement without that friend's being consulted. Sardinia has poured out her treasures from an already exhausted exchequer, and from the veins of her living men, large enough to have entitled her to some consideration in so momentous a finale; but notwithstanding this she is overlooked—Austria has conceded her nothing, but yielded Lombardy to her foreign ally, who with a magnanimity that is exceedingly humiliating to the recipient, makes a donation which the charity and benevolence of the French Emperor prompted him to offer. What becomes of the other allies? We do not find that Garibaldi is even mentioned. What will become of him and his Chasseurs of the Alps? Poor Kosssut! Was it not cruel to invite him to come to Italy to receive the plaudits of people as brainless as himself, and then to be placed under the surveillance of the police! How are all these matters to be hereafter accounted for, or explained to the satisfaction of honest-minded and reflecting men? But, as we said before, patience is a virtue—we shall wait.

Napoleon has done the most politic thing that could have been done by him under the circumstances; but it is not the thing which he had led the world to believe that he was about to accomplish. He has locked up Italy, reserving one key to himself and leaving the other in the hands of Austria. He has framed, at least in his own mind, an Italian Confederation, to be managed conjointly with Francis Joseph and himself, and to be a southern counterpoise to balance the Confederation of Protestant States in Northern Germany. If the thing should work well the result will be to place Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria at the head of Europe, but there are immense difficulties to be yet gone through before that confederation can be brought into working order. Naples has not been consulted, the Pope has not been consulted, the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Sovereigns of Modena and Parma have been left without consultation or approval on their part, and it remains to be seen whether these Monarchs, being as independent by right of treaty as either the French or Austrian Emperor, are willing to put on what may be called the yoke prepared for their necks in a private interview between Francis Joseph and Louis Napoleon. At all events it is manifest that whether from policy or from piety these great Sovereigns have united in their plan of sustaining the Sovereign Pontiff in the plenitude of his independence. Nay, they have gone even farther. Supposing the confederation of the Italian States to become a reality, and supposing that the Sovereign Pontiff will accept such a position, he is made the honorary chief of some twenty-eight millions. The population of the United States is not much greater, and descending the scale of universal discontent, we may ask what the enemies of the Catholic Church, Red Republicans, Socialists and Infidels, not to speak of others, will say to all this? They looked upon Louis Napoleon as the instrument who was to destroy the Papacy and through that the Catholic Church itself, thereby preparing the way for the Millennium. How will they look upon him now, since, according to appearances, the Papacy is strengthened and raised to an importance that has been unequalled from the days of Pepin and Charlemagne.

The fact is, if this can be carried out according to the programme of the French Emperor it will not surprise us to find that in twenty years from this time all Europe will be a confederation of States under the Honorary Presidency of the Pope. It is true that the Protestant Sovereigns of Europe would at first find this a strange proposition, and probably would repel it; but, after all, the art of mutual destruction is

now carried to such a point of fatal perfection that even they will be glad to adopt any measure that may be calculated at once to prevent war and to secure their own rights. The prejudices of Protestant governments have been to a great extent broken down by the course of events within the last fifty or a hundred years. Protestantism itself is very generally acknowledged at this day to have been an unnecessary experiment in its inception, and an egregious failure in its results. The Catholic religion in its own right is the religion of all that is great and noble. Its antiquity, its universality, its comprehension of human nature, and its admirable adaptation to the wants of the human intellect and the human heart—all this and much more is calculated to attract the eyes of high and educated statesmen, for although they, in their respective countries, must consult, to some extent, the vulgar prejudices of the people whom they govern still in their own minds they would look to the Catholic religion as the conservative element both in Church and State. If a peace confederation of the Independent States of Europe could be framed with as little deliberation as the Italian Confederation has been, it is not at all impossible, or even improbable, that Russia and Prussia, and even proud England (especially if in the interval she should get a good thrashing at the hands of Napoleon) would become voluntary parties to it; and in such a contingency, it being their own work, it would imply no humiliation to have the Pope as Honorary President.

THE LATE ALLOCATION OF THE HOLY FATHER.

The allocation delivered by the Holy Father in the Secret Consistory June 20th, and the Encyclical letter, which he addressed to all Patriarchs, Princes, Archbishops, Bishops, and other ordinaries having communion with the Holy See, on the 18th of the same month, have already been published in our journal and have, no doubt, been carefully perused by most of our readers. They contain two important statements, which are calculated to afford information as to what is the duty of Catholics at the present time. There are many persons who consider themselves good members of the Church, and yet who constantly affirm that the temporal power of the Pope is not necessary for its welfare; that the Government of the Holy See could be carried on very well without it, and that to uphold the spiritual authority which he exercises, as the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ, the Pope need not be possessed of those territories which are called "the States of the Church." It is, no doubt, certain that whether in bondage or in freedom the Bishop of Rome is the successor of St. Peter, and consequently to him is intrusted the Government of the Church. To carry on this beneficially, and in such a manner as will confer the greatest advantage on the faithful, it is believed by all true Catholics that the possession of a territory under a dominion of the Pope is necessary, and they come to the conclusion on the following grounds: If the Pope be not an independent Sovereign he must be subject to some other power. Either Austria, or France, or some of the Catholic Kings of Europe will claim him as their subject, and whilst the monarch in whose territory he lives will feel content with the decrees and bulls, which he may issue, and which refer to the discipline of the Church, or to other matters connected with it, the other Catholic States may feel dissatisfied, on the supposition that these have been made under compulsion, or under the exercise of some sinister influence.

The experience of past ages shows that kings and princes are capable of exercising

force, and that when the Pope has resisted, as Pius VII. did when he refused his assent to the *organic articles*, which the Emperor had tacked on to the French Concordat, he is subjected to petty persecution and annoyance. All discussion on this matter seems now to be at an end. "Peter has spoken, and the cause is finished," for the Holy Father says in his encyclical letter to the Bishops of the whole world that "the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the good of religion," and in his allocution delivered to the Secret Consistory he repeats the statement, "the liberty of the Holy See is bound up with the usefulness of the whole Church." Theologians are wont to distinguish between a "proposition which is of faith," and one "which is belonging to faith." The former they define as "that which is immediately revealed, and the latter," they tell us, "is that which evidently follows from two premises, one of which is natural and the other revealed." We would class the statement of the Holy Father under this latter, for we have in it a proposition following from two premises, one of which is natural and the other revealed. Whoever, therefore, after this definition of the Holy See, knowingly and willfully denies "that the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the Church's welfare," seems to us to deny a proposition "which is belonging to faith"—we say "seems to us," for in such matters we would speak with all humility.

A PHASE OF ENGLISH POLICY IN IRELAND.

It has always been the policy of the British Government in Ireland to keep up, through the agency of what are called Orange Societies, a religious animosity throughout the country. To carry out this policy more effectually, she secretly and sometimes openly encourages the formation of such bodies, and perhaps rewards their most active promoters by appointment to official positions of trust and emolument. Her object in keeping alive by such a means a religious ill feeling is to strengthen her dominion in the country by dividing the people and preventing a union that might eventually lead to the re-establishment of their nationality. The spirit of Orangeism, which has been aptly denominated the English stronghold in Ireland, is particularly rampant on the 12th of July, on which occasion every opportunity is taken to insult the Catholics, who constitute the large majority of the population. The Orangemen march in procession through the streets and villages, with banners flying, bands playing airs that are intended to be offensive to the ears of their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and not unfrequently using language that is calculated to arouse the most hostile feelings. The Government has been often applied to to break up these societies, but for the reasons we have stated it has never exhibited a sincere desire to do so. It was her policy to establish and strengthen them, and the assistance which they render to her in keeping up religious dissensions among the people and in thus consolidating her power is too valuable to be discarded, even in this age of civil and religious liberty.

Were it not for the influence which the Catholic clergy possess in the confidence and affection of the country, the consequences of such exhibitions as those to which we have referred would be fearful to contemplate. The spirit and the policy which lead to such wanton outrages on religion, and which have their origin in the most depraved and degraded feelings, cannot be too strongly reprobated. We hope to see the day when Ireland will be freed from this phase of English policy, and when the religious differences which now exist will be so softened down that her people will no longer be divided.

WHAT IS TO BE THE NEXT MOVE OF LOUIS NAPOLEON?
Will he invade England?
A Comparison of the Naval Forces of France and Great Britain.
TERRIBLE APPREHENSIONS IN ENGLAND UPON THE SUBJECT OF INVASION.
THE POPULAR FEARS AS INDICATED BY THE PRESS.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has been a profound political sensationalist all his life, but during the last few years he appears to have reduced his principles in respect to such a perfect system that he is enabled to stir the world with the deepest emotions of astonishment or alarm, just as it suits him, and at pretty regular periodical intervals.

When quite young he was sheltered, with the other members of his family, in Rome by the Pope, as an unfortunate French exile, and when the Holy Father was compelled to withdraw his protection, in consequence of the conspiracies they were hatching against France, all obeyed except the present Emperor, who even then created a "sensation" by preaching a rebellion against the authority of the Pope in some of the cities of the Legations. We find him, later in life, a Swiss officer and citizen; making his famous descent on Bologna; a prisoner in Ham; again at large; a special constable in London; a citizen of France and member of a republican legislature; a republican President; the director of the *coup d'état*; Emperor; the ally—faithful it is said—of England; the saviour of Turkey and active humiliator of Russia; the ally of Sardinia and "liberator of Italy;" the humiliator and, at the same time, friend of Austria; and according to some of his newspaper advocates, a legal inquisitor as to the validity of the titles by which the different thrones of Europe are held. The most marked eras in his life are, in our opinion, that of 1840, when he defended himself before the Chamber of Peers of France at Bologna, and the present moment, when he halts in his career of victory and appears to pause and recruit his energies for the execution of anotherfeat either of diplomatic or military daring.

NAPOLEON REPRESENTS A DEFEAT THAT IS TO BE AVENGED.

That he will again astonish the nations by a grand *coup* is now universally believed, and each of the peoples ask of their neighbours with anxious inquisitiveness, "what will he do next?" "where will the blow fall?" "who will engage him in war?" "who can rival him in diplomacy?" and finally, "who is able to extinguish him?" As may be learned from the European journals the replies are not by any means satisfactory, for none know his mind except himself, and few can conjecture as to his future acts from a knowledge of his past career. We think the man himself furnished a key to the mystery in his speech before the Peers at Bologna in 1840—hence we have ranked it as a very important epoch in his life—when he said:

"One word more, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat. The principle is the *sovereignty of the people*; the cause, that of the Empire; the defeat, Waterloo. The principle you have recognized; the cause you have served; the defeat you wish to avenge! No! there is no difference between you and me; and I will not believe that I can be destined to bear the penalty of the defections of others."

Let us call to mind that Napoleon III. is somewhat of a fatalist and believes that he is a "man of destiny," and we may thus account for his persistent endeavor to make good the three cardinal points of the above programme. Two of them he has vindicated in his person; the sovereignty of the people by his election as President, and the cause of the Empire by his restoration of the Imperial throne, and its general recognition by the other crowned heads of Europe—Waterloo remains, as

yet, unavenged, but the Emperor is not a man likely to forget even a defeat which he solemnly alleged that he once represented.

THE NEXT SENSATION OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR

—PROBABLY THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

This consideration lends much gravity to the idea now afloat that Napoleon will afford us a crowning "sensation" soon by attempting an invasion of Great Britain at some of the most vulnerable points of the English and Irish coast. In fact, this subject has become a prominent and leading topic of political speculation.

Why should it not?

When Napoleon marched his troops into Italy lately, in order to engage the Austrians, he was cheered to the echo by the press of England and a large portion of that of the United States, "as a liberator of enslaved peoples," "a reformer of bad governments," "the framer of republics, and other popular systems of rule," and an energetic abolitionist of fraudulent throne titles and church abuses." If his Majesty did not go so far as was expected of him, it was not for want of being sustained by the enemies of the Catholic Church and the foes of civil order of every class and grade, from Lord Palmerston to Kosuth, and from Kosuth to Garibaldi. Circumstances which he could not control, however, caused him to halt in his career, and he suddenly sketched what is considered a very fair plan of government for Italy, in the establishment of a national representative confederation, with the Holy Father at its head.

Now is not the plan of federal government, so signal success in this country, capable of great extension in Europe? If it work well for Italy, why not apply it to England, Ireland and Scotland? The Emperor of France is, in fact, at the head of an elective federation of provinces and communes, the people of which have chosen him ruler and approved of his system of government by universal suffrage, expressed at the ballot-box. If Napoleon could in a few months examine the ancient titles of the Pope to his temporal sovereignty (of the validity of which he has, it appears, been satisfied), and create the title of Victor Emmanuel to Lombardy, why could he not in Westminster Abbey examine the title of Queen Victoria to the throne of England; and by what right she rules over Ireland and Scotland; and see if there is anything defective in the possession of parchments, torn from the monks and clergy, by which a feudal nobility hold the thousands of acres of England's domain, outside the fences of which "free born" Englishmen daily perish for want of food. If right in his mission to the Italians, and in his occupation of Milan, could a great reformer be wrong in a similar one, conducted with that "moderation" which has been so much extolled, to Buckingham Palace, Holyrood House, or Dublin Castle? We think not; but England, when the case is applied to herself, thinks differently from us. So the question is, how could the reformer and liberator get to either of the points named with his faithful aids—rifled cannon, French soldiers, and perhaps, but we would hope not, some few Turcos?

The reply is, the Emperor is a strange man; the French are a gallant people, just now full of glory and hatred of Britain; and steam is a powerful motive power in war as well as in peace. At the present moment France has an immense steam fleet, and this idea of an invasion has become so general in England, that we find she has a deficit in the revenue of twenty-five million dollars, caused mainly by her expenditure in keeping up an armament sufficient to quiet the minds of the people, and to enable her to cope with Napoleon, should her fears be realized.

COMPARISON OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH NAVALIES.

Sir John Pakington, the late Secretary

of the Navy in England, submitted the estimates for maintaining that arm of the service, to the House of Commons, on the 28th of March last, when he remarked:

"They had heard much of the progress of the French navy during the last few years. In July last they had ascertained that the force of French line-of-battle ships was the same as ours—twenty-nine. But in our navy nine were inferior to any of the ships in the navy of France. In July the numbers were equal, but in point of power the line-of-battle ships of France were inferior to the line-of-battle ships of England [Hear, hear.] In a letter which he had addressed to Sir B. Walker, he stated that nine of the 50-gun screw ships in our navy were not deemed to be effective line-of-battle ships. In July last their prospects for 1859 were, an increase of three line-of-battle ships, making the total thirty-nine. [Hear, hear.] With regard to the comparative position of the French and English navies as to the number of ships, it was last June as follows: At the end of July, 1858, he found that England had thirty-six line-of-battle ships, with 3,400 guns and 19,750 horse power. At the same period France had forty line-of-battle ships, with 3,700 guns and 27,100 horse power. In making this comparison and statement, he hoped that it would be understood that he was not speaking in the highest degree in any unfriendly spirit towards France [Hear, hear.] No man could desire more cordially than he, for the sake of France and England, and of the world, that the alliance between the two countries might long continue. [Hear, hear.] Had England wished to attract the slightest blame from France for the increase of her navy, France for the same reason had increased her navy past to increase her naval power. [Hear, hear.] On the contrary, he respected the spirit with which the French government had carried out these preparations; but his argument was that we were bound to do the same. [Hear, hear.] It was inconsistent with our naval power, our national safety and dignity, that we should allow this state of things to continue. [Hear, hear.]

Again—

"He must now allude to the comparative state of the navies of England and France. He was sorry to say that France had, with less satisfaction than it was in respect of line-of-battle ships. In the course of the autumn they found that, instead of being on a par with France, the English navy contained, at the time to which he had referred, seventeen screw and nine paddle frigates, while the French navy contained fifteen screw and seven paddle frigates. France had also six ship-chasers and eight building ships. He should now read to the House a comparison between the navies of England and France at different periods. In the year 1812 England had 245 line-of-battle ships, France had 113; England had 273 frigates, France had only 72. In 1820 England had 146 line-of-battle ships, France had only 51; England had, in the same year, 104 frigates. France had only 39. In 1840 England had 59 line-of-battle ships, France had 44; in the same year England had 156 frigates, France 55. In 1850 England had again 89 ships of the line, France had 45; in the same year England had 104 frigates, France 55."

And again Sir John said—

"With regard to the question of iron-cased ships, he might remark that, in alluding to the case of the French navy, he had not made any mention of the iron side vessels; but the fact was, that the Emperor of the French had decided, at an early period, to have his iron side vessels, and considerable progress had already been made at Toulon in building ships of that character. Such vessels would be in point of tonnage and size, as large as the heaviest French line-of-battle ships, for he (the right honorable gentleman) understood they were modelled on the lines of the Napoleon, which were the largest iron side vessels that they were to be of the heaviest metal, and the vessels themselves were to be coated with plates of iron or steel, of four and a half inches thick. Under these circumstances, the attention of her Majesty's government was naturally attracted to the subject, and in the course of last summer it was thought expedient to have certain experiments made; but his sense of duty would prevent his giving the committee any details with regard to the result of those experiments."

In addition to the above testimony as to the immense naval progress of France, we have that of Lord Lyndhurst, given on the 5th of July in the House of Lords, to the effect that Napoleon had drilled crews of French (marine) troops on land in the new system of war required on the deck of these great steam frigates, so that he could march a force on board one of them, as easily as he could send an infantry regiment to Italy. The above evidence would lead us to suppose that the "flag that braved a thousand years" would find it hard to keep side by side with the old tri-color of France, when hoisted by the daring hand of an untrammeled *parvenu*.

It will be seen by the above that Napoleon has at hand the means of invasion, and all know well that the French have never attempted an invasion of England, from the days of William the Norman down to that of General Hoche, without throwing in some men on the coast.

THE GREAT COAST FORTIFICATIONS OF FRANCE
—THE WAR PORT OF BREST, ITS DEFENCES, ETC.

Let us examine the ports from which Napoleon might issue on his mission, and how he already threatens England from across the channel.

Brest, which is situated three hundred

and ten miles west of Paris, just at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay, contains in the town, or roadstead, a population of over seventy thousand persons, and from the extent of its naval and military establishments and powerful means of defence and attack, is justly regarded as one of the finest war ports in the Old World. The one, and only, entrance to its narrow channel from the sea is guarded by over five hundred cannon and mortars of great size, and its inner harbor—one of the most secure in Europe—can accommodate sixty sail of the line, whilst the actual port would afford shelter to all the European navies. France is indebted to Cardinal Richelieu for first, in 1631, commencing the works of this place, which were afterwards completed by the celebrated engineer Vauban. England always regarded Brest with fear and jealousy, and sent an expedition against it in 1694, under command of Admiral Berkley, which failed in a miserable manner, the Admiral landing only nine hundred men, who were immediately cut to pieces by the French.

Napoleon the Third has rendered Brest what may be termed impregnable, and lying as it does almost opposite to Plymouth, who can say that a portion of his large steam fleet would not issue from its inner roads on a favorable night and land a body of French troops on some portion of the British peninsular coast near Plymouth Sound, the men marching from many points on the town, which contains a branch of the Bank of England and much treasure. By doing this Napoleon the Third would be avenging his uncle signally, for, as is well remembered in France, it was at Plymouth that the great conqueror landed from the war ship Bellerophon in 1815 a betrayed and humbled man, and at the same moment a captive doomed to a rigorous imprisonment and death.

In our opinion forty thousand French troops, enraged by this one remembrance alone and animated by natural pride and the feelings of a race superior to the Anglo-Saxon, if once landed at Plymouth would make very good speed on a march to London, finding, as they would, plenty of provisions every mile of the way, resting places innumerable, and a mild climate to aid them.

THE GREAT FORTRESS OF CHERBOURG, A STANDING MENACE TO ENGLAND.

Cherbourg, now the standing "menace" to England, was completed by Napoleon the Third early in the August of 1858. The importance of the port was recognized by the military men both of France and England at a very early date, for we find that from the death of William the Conqueror in 1087 down to the middle of the Fifteenth century it was taken and re-taken by the forces of either power many times. The port is situated on the peninsula of Cotentin—the ancient capital of Lower Normandy—which formed part of the possessions of William the Conqueror, and thus became English after the battle of Hastings; and hence the various conflicts for its possession, to which we have alluded. Cherbourg was finally taken by Charles VII. of France in 1450, and has never ceased to belong to the crown of that country ever since. Louis XIV. determined to construct a war port there, and in 1655 a naval committee, appointed by him for the purpose, reported the necessity "of improving the port and constructing a great breakwater of 2,400 yards in length." The works progressed gradually for many years, but the English, under Lord Howe, landed at Cherbourg in 1758, and did not quit the place until they caused immense damage to the town and fortifications. La Hague was subsequently preferred by many French strategists to Cherbourg as a place for a great naval depot, but Louis XVI., after personal examination, gave his support to the latter and took great interest in its progress. Subsequent to the Revolu-

tion the National Assembly of France voted money for carrying on the works giving large sums for that purpose in 1791 and 1792. From this last year the works of the breakwater continued without interruption until 1858. The breadth of this stupendous work is 140 yards. The breakwater is not extended in a straight line. It is composed of two branches of unequal length, which form an angle of 170 degrees of which the opening is turned towards the south. A commission appointed by M. Decres, Minister of Marine to Napoleon I., declared on the 20th of April, 1811, that there is anchorage in the roads of Cherbourg for 25 ships of the line in summer and 17 in winter.

The breakwater at Cherbourg was commenced in the year 1783, and finished the 31st December, 1858. The entire cost of the breakwater amounts to 67,000,000 francs, *viz.* 31,000,000 francs from 1783 to 1803, 8,000,000 from 1803 to 1830, and 28,000,000 from 1830 to 1858. The annual expense of keeping the breakwater in repair is estimated at 120,000 francs. The breakwater, which is 8,712 metres long from one channel to the other, is defended by natural blocks of granite. The wearing of those blocks requires annually 3,000 cubic yards of fresh blocks. The points east and west are covered by artificial blocks composed of hydraulic cement. Each of these blocks is 30 cubic metres in volume and weighs 44,000 kilogrammes. Cherbourg is defended by a fort constructed on the island of Pelee, which was commenced in 1783 and finished in 1794, Fort Chavagnac, Fort de Querqueville, Fort des Flammes, Fort du Hommet, St. Anne's battery. The outer port of Cherbourg was inaugurated in the month of August, 1813, in presence of the Empress Maria Louisa. The floating dock was finished in 1829. The inner floating dock, now called the dock of Napoleon III., cost 16,000,000 francs.

Cherbourg, as completed by Napoleon, consists of the immense dock, "Napoleon Third," which is surrounded by four broad quays; the outer port surrounded by six quays; the arsenal port surrounded by six quays; and the great roadstead, or passage of entry, flanked by a broad quay on each side.

Such is Cherbourg, now complete and frowning with tremendous guns, the muzzles of which point to Portsmouth, and present themselves every morning to the eyes of the English naval officers there when they take their "look out" with a good glass. *This grand French harbor is built amongst the Breton people, who, of all the population of France, are the most hostile to Englishmen.* The local feeling in this respect was indeed typified at the very time of the inauguration of the port by Napoleon, in the monument of St. Cast, the first stone of which was laid a few days before Queen Victoria arrived to witness—much against her personal feeling—the completion of the works. Under the first stone of the monument was deposited a box containing the following memorandum:

"On the 17th day of July, in the year 1858, was placed the first stone of this column commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of St. Cast, gained by the French troops and Breton volunteers over the English, on the 11th September, 1758."

This monument is to be decorated by a piece of sculpture representing the "Breton greyhound" trampling upon and throttling the "English leopard"—a fitting emblem of the *entente cordiale* existing between Napoleon the Third and England at the moment.

When completing this port, Napoleon effected a great many of his remarkable historical coincidences, for Cherbourg was taken on August 5, 1758, by an English fleet commanded by Lord Howe, and on August 5, 1858, an English fleet, with a grandson of Lord Howe (Admiral Fremantle) as second in command, brought the Queen of England to Cherbourg to dine with the Emperor of the French in the harbor, an honor which he tendered to Her Majesty, well knowing that he had so hampered England by his diplomacy during the three previous

years, that she was not in a position to refuse the invitation.

During the past twelve months a very large French force has been stationed at Cherbourg, and we see by recent reports that its waters have been opened lately as a sort of naval rendezvous for Russian war vessels, the immense frigate "General Admiral" (which was built in New York) having anchored there on her way to Cronstadt from New York, and finding one or two of her consorts, of over one hundred guns each, in port.

We must remember that *Cherbourg was openly designed by Louis the Fourteenth and Napoleon the First as a point from which to invade England*, and we think that in the completion of it Napoleon the Third must have thought of how he could best throw an army on the English coast, near or around Portsmouth, on its way to London.

Cherbourg, as we have said, lies right opposite to Portsmouth, and Portsmouth is *only ninety-five miles from London*. To be sure, Portsmouth is the most secure fortress in Great Britain, but then when one considers its immense commercial importance, he may think of what havoc in England's material interests would be made by the landing of fifty or sixty thousand Frenchmen on or along the coast in its vicinity, with the aim of getting to its capital. There is no doubt but from the great amount of arms and war munitions collected at Portsmouth, and the splendid condition of the forts of South Sea Castle, Cumberland and Spithead, in the immediate vicinity, a landing at or near Portsmouth would be a difficult and hazardous undertaking; but "what has been done once may be done again, all things being equal," and England does not forget that when Henry III. wished to invade France from Portsmouth, in the year 1256, he had to give up the idea; but not so the French, who retaliated in 1377, and landed at Portsmouth, burning a large portion of the place, and causing great losses before they were defeated. We know that the great guns of defence of 1858 are far ahead of those of 1877, but so it is like, if not an excessive, ratio, are the great guns of attack of the French, with their great steam frigates and educated naval forces.

THE FORTIFIED PORT OF TOULON.

In the Mediterranean Napoleon has the port of Toulon, a fortress and naval station of unrivaled equipment and splendor, from which a French fleet could issue, that would count at present ship for ship with England in endeavoring to prevent him converting the Mediterranean into "a French lake," and in her struggle to keep the route to the East open. Should Napoleon be joined by Russia in a naval struggle with England, the latter would inevitably be isolated from her great eastern possessions, and her influence in the Mediterranean would be swept away, perhaps for ever.

Our advice from Paris up to the latest date state that "the greatest activity prevailed all along the French coast. The Channel coast was being fortified, and from Cherbourg to Dunkirk earth batteries were being constructed at every 3,000 yards." Now this looks as if Napoleon was preparing to prevent England from assaulting him, provided he really undertook a war of invasion.

THE DEFENSES OF ENGLAND CONSIDERED IN THE VIEW OF AN INVASION.

England possesses an immense naval force to oppose any attempt at invasion, but nobody can say what occurred between Napoleon and the Czar Alexander at Stuttgart on the subject of the future of Europe, and if a junction of their naval forces were effected in our opinion the "red flag" would have to go down. In this connection, it will be remembered that during the late blockade of Cronstadt by the English, the Archduke Constantine of Russia, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Navy, proposed to run the gauntlet of the force, break the blockade and run for England, thus ending the war—one way or the other—in a sea of blood. Who knows but Russia may join

France in a liberating mission, for the Czar has lately remarked in his official organ that "the millions of Italy and Ireland are powerless for purposes of national freedom, unless joined by a powerful ally."

Great Britain has at home about one hundred and fifteen thousand men under arms. In Ireland she has a splendid force of police, numbering thirty-six thousand men, and a veteran corps of pensioners, amounting to about fifty thousand soldiers. Besides this she has her revenue police force and the subsidized intellect of most of the Kingdom employed in her poor law, educational, customs, post office and other departments. So, in Ireland Napoleon would meet with opposition from the officials in the pay of England, while he would have in his favor the great popular feeling of the country. In England and Scotland he would be met by the same influences, that in the latter would be strengthened by a hatred of race, operating against the French. And we may safely believe that if the invasion were successful England would bring out half a million of men of all classes in arms to meet his troops. The force, it must be remembered, would be composed for the greater part of militia, who could oppose but a feeble resistance against the finest army in Europe, flushed by success and urged on by a national feeling of antagonism.

However, if Napoleon III. had once one hundred thousand French troops on British soil he would soon scatter the militia force to the wind and remove the other barriers to his progress by "freeing" the people.

Let but the Marshal Duke de Magenta, acting for the Emperor, stand at Charing Cross, London, and take up a sponge from one of his triumphant cannon and with it wipe out the national debt of England, and thus liberate her toiling millions from a financial imposture, and our word for it he would find more popular support than he has met with even in Italy.

Let but Napoleon, or the Marshal, issue a decree abolishing the right of primogeniture and distributing the property of the country amongst the people, and he would find many more. Let him order the abolition of the Poor Laws in England and Ireland, place all churches on an equality in the eye of the law, and order that the Catholic Clergy and the Sisters of Charity shall take the place of the Poor Law Board, and we doubt not that he would be the most popular man in Europe.

Then let the twenty-seven millions of inhabitants of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales and the Channel Islands be endowed with manhood suffrage and federal representation, in order to choose a cheap and elective system of government under Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Prince Napoleon, Cobden, Bright, or some other person, and then the "Liberator of Italy" would have given the world a "sensation" indeed, and perhaps fulfilled his mission by realizing his destiny and avenging Waterloo.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS AT ST. LAWRENCE SCHOOL, YORKVILLE.—The annual exhibition and distribution of premiums at this institution took place on Monday, the 23rd ult., in presence of a large and respectable audience. The Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V. G., and the Rev. Messrs. Quarter and Phelan were present on the occasion. The exercises, which consisted of vocal and instrumental music, recitations and addresses, reflected great credit on the young ladies who took part in them. After the distribution of premiums the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs addressed the pupils in a very appropriate manner; he congratulated them on their success in their studies, and paid a deserved compliment to the Sisters of Charity, under whose charge the school is conducted.

Mgr. de Devoucoux, Bishop of Evreux, in France, went lately to visit the Austrian prisoners sent to reside at that place, and quartered all in the same building. His Grace spoke most kindly and encouragingly to them, and was replied to in grateful terms by one of the body. At their request they were then conducted to the Cathedral, which they desired to visit, and there the Bishop gave them his benediction. They withdrew much moved by the kindness shown them.

School of the Immaculate Conception.

Third Annual Exhibition.

We were present on the evenings of the 26th and 27th of July at a most interesting exhibition of the male and female pupils of the School of the Immaculate Conception. The occasion was one of more than usual pleasure and gratification to the parishioners, who attended in great force, and who expressed their feelings by frequent marks of approbation. The school numbers, we were informed, nine hundred pupils altogether, of whom four hundred are boys and five hundred are girls. The appearance of these, and particularly the girls, was most creditable, and the exhibition was witnessed by the large audience with unabated interest throughout. The exercises were well selected, and the different pieces were recited with much judgment and spirit.

The exhibition of the male pupils took place on the evening of the 26th of July, when Very Rev. Mr. McCarron, Archdeacon, Rev. Father Ryan, Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and Rev. E. Maguire were present. The exercises commenced with an introductory address by Francis Martin, which was well delivered. The singing was excellent, as, indeed, was also the instrumental music. We should state here that Mr. Smith presided at the piano, and that his performance on the French horn was one of the most pleasing features of the evening. Mr. Hartmann sang with much taste and a nice discrimination of its character the popular song of "Kathleen Mavourneen." The following are the titles of the pieces, all of which were well recited:

Erin, Green Erin - - - John Brady.

Duty to Parents - - - Dennis Quirke.

The Soldier and the Soldier - - - J. McHugh.

The Hasty Boy (a Dialogue) - J. Brady and P. Durnin.

Look Aloft - - - James Hoy.

The Nine Mills - - - John Brady.

The Everlasting Church - - - John Brady.

Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice" - Shylock, Francis Martin; Judge, Patrick McGinnis;

Antonio, Peter Durnin.

Somebody Stole Them (A play written for the occasion) by Twenty Boys.

Derby and Joan - - - Francis Martin.

The Boy (a Dialogue) - P. Durnin, John Brady, Hohenlohe, James McKain.

Works of Creation - - - Martin Cunningham.

The Valedictory, by Denis O'Conor, was well written, well delivered, and received, as it deserved, a large share of applause. At its conclusion the pupils sang the "Vacation Song," the words of which are by Mr. J. A. Hoyt, and the music by Gustavus Schmitz. The words, as may be seen, are most appropriate:

After to-night our work is done;

We're going to have vacation;

For awhile we're farewell to school,

To lessons and recitation.

CHORUS:

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We're going to have vacation;

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We're going to have vacation.

Throughout the year we've labored hard

To store our minds with learning;

But off to exhibition night;

Our happy thoughts were turning.

Chorus - Hurrah, &c.

For well we knew that when it came,

Our studies would be ended,

That we would prizes homeward bear,

Who had our tasks attended.

Chorus - Hurrah, &c.

The premiums were now distributed in the following order:

FIRST CLASS.

The silver medal, presented by Rev. J. Ryan, awarded to Denis O'Conor, Francis Martin, Peter Durnin, John Brady, Francis Keegan, Dechanation, James McKain, John Barry, Martin Cunningham, John Brady, Francis Martin, Peter Durnin, Punctuality—John Shannon, James McPeake, Michael Henry, Thomas Feheray, Thomas McCarthy, Application—Patrick McGinnis, Edward McTighe, John O'Loughlin, Edward MacCormac, James Lavelle, John J. O'Conor, Charles Tuohy, John Dugan, Michael Mathews, Daniel Bailey, Dennis Ward, John Collins, Christian Doctrine—James McPeake, John Sheridan, Patrick Clavin, Michael Fagan, Philip Sheridan, Reading and Spelling—John Rafferty, James Sullivan, James Jones, John Carroll, Eugene McBride, Geography—Denis Quirke, Michael Nagle, William Bond, Paul Crimmins, Grammars, and Parsing—Francis Martin, Dennis O'Conor, James Coogan, Christopher Donavan, John O'Brien, Arithmetic—Francis Rogan, Philip Sheridan, James Hoy, John Murray, Jeremiah Burns, John Sullivan, William Sullivan, Writing—John Sheridan, James McKain, John Shannon, Francis Kelly, Andrew Connolly.

SECOND CLASS.

Christian Doctrine—James Keilly, Charles Cuff, Dennis Mooney, James Fitzgerald, Charles Keegan, Reading and Spelling—Michael Hayes, John Hickey, Thomas Casey, John Scott, Constantine O'Donnell, Fables—Wm. Martin, Daniel Murphy, John MacInnes, Joseph Quinn, Thos. Hinckley, Writing—James Smith, James Seardon, Patrick Whiting, Michael Kelly, John McFerrey, Athlone—John Conlon, James Flynn, William Whelan, Patrick Doogan, Patrick Kennedy, Good Conduct—Michael Doyle, James Kain, Peter McGuire, Michael Morris, Wm. Hines, Punctuality—John Collins,

Daniel Curtin, Patrick Donavan, John Hanghey, H. Higgins, Application—Wm. Ryan, Thomas Fitzgerald, O'Keefe, Michael Hughes, John Healy.

In the third and fourth classes of the male department 80 other premiums were awarded.

We should state that "the play written for the occasion" was by Mr. Hoyt. At the conclusion of the song the pupils and others present were addressed by the Very Rev. Archdeacon and the Rev. Pastor, by both of whom the boys were complimented on the success of the exhibition.

On Wednesday evening, July 27th, the exhibition of the female department took place, and it was still more numerously attended than that of the day previous. The opening address was delivered by Isabella Kain, who was warmly applauded. The singing was excellent—indeed we thought that in this department the girls were ahead of the boys. The following are the titles of the pieces and the names of the pupils by whom they were recited.

The Way to be Happy - - - Anna Guilfoyle, The Brook and the Pond - - - Mary Meehan, The Little Girl - - - Mary Elizabeth, The Irish Maiden's Song - - - Mary Canovan, The Village Play - - - Eighteen Girls, Washington's Love for his Mother - - - Ellen Noonan, Affection's Offering - - - Eight Girls, Seven Scenes in the Life of Mary Queen of Scots - - Seven Girls, My Mother - - - Sarah Ryan, The Little Esther - - - John Conroy, Little Things - - - Lizzie Parsons, The Birthday Party—A Play, written for the occasion by J. A. Hoyt - - - Fifteen Girls, Christ Staying the Temptation - - - Anna Ryan, Quite a Day—A Play - - - Forty Girls.

Madame Anschutz and Mr. Hartmann, both of whom are members of the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, sang some exquisite selections from Giuramento Bellisario that we have seldom heard equalled at any of our metropolitan concerts. The exercises were closed with an excellent valedictory by Mary Canovan, which was well applauded. Before the distribution of premiums, the pupils and audience were addressed by Rev. A. Donnelly, who expressed the high degree of pleasure with which he had witnessed the exhibition. A few remarks were also made by Mr. J. Mullaly, at the conclusion of which the premiums were distributed, as follows:

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

Excellence—The silver medal, presented by Rev. Father Ryan, was awarded by lot to Mary Canovan, the only competitor being Catherine Smith, who received the second premium. Christian Doctrine—Mary J. Hart, Isabella Haywood, Catharine Reilly, Good Conduct—Annie Roache, Mary A. Haughey, Ann Stafford, Katie Reilly, Isabella Raywood, Declamation—Mary Canovan, Isabella Raywood, Annie Ryan, Ellen Duffy, Margaret Woods, Application—Isabella Kain, Mary J. Hart, Annie Roache, Bridget Casey, Punctuality—Ellen Noonan, Katie Reilly, Margaret Serry, Grammar—Catherine Smith, Ellen Noonan, Mary Canovan, Bridget Sullivan, Astronomy—Eliza Guilfoyle, Annie Ryan, Mary A. Haughey, History—Annie Roache, Mary Meehan, Isabella Kain, Arithmetic—Eliza Guilfoyle, Fanny McGovern, Annie Madden, Annie O'Laughlin, Geography—Annie Ryan, Elizabeth O'Leary, Ellen Doyle, Reading—Katie Wade, Bridget Sullivan, Margaret Griffin, Spelling and Definition—Mary Bahn, Margaret Darning, Kate Conder, Annie Terrell, Ellen Butterly, Writing—Annie Preston, Augusta Keefe, Annie Stafford, Neatness—Augusta Keefe, Margaret Griffin, Mary Bahn, Margaret Woods, Singing—Mary Meehan, Mary J. Hart.

SECOND CLASS.

Excellence—Katie White, Ellen McNamee, Rosy Ray, Mary Byrne, Christian Doctrine—Mary O'Conor, Mary Kelly, Mary Kelly, Mary Powell, Bridget Kelly, Mary A. Donnelly, Katie O'Neill, Margaret Kelly, Catharine Colcannon, Good Conduct—Katie White, Mary Reilly, Ellen McNamee, Geography—Katie McAvoy, Scripture History—Jane Jones, Maria Byrne, Writing—Eliza Walsh, Elizabeth Noonan, Kate Gallagher, Mary Shepherd, Reading—Eliza Smith, Bridget Tierney, Alicia Smith, Margaret McNamee, Margaret O'Grady, Margaret McGrath, Margaret McCort, Ellen Murphy, Rosy McGrath, Teresa Heron, Julia Hart, Margaret O'Grady.

In the third, fourth and fifth classes of the female department one hundred and twenty other premiums were awarded.

In conclusion, we may state that the male department is under Mr. Joseph A. Hoyt, assisted by Mr. Stephen Therry, Miss Ellen Malone and Miss Mary A. Ryan; while the female department is under Miss Emily A. Hoyt, assisted by Miss Catharina Avezanna, Miss Elizabeth Murphy, Miss Rosanna Woods and Miss Mary E. Raywood.

On June 16 about 150 of the children were prepared for First Communion, which they received in the church to which the school is attached, and on July 7 about 200 were confirmed by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. Mr. and Miss Hoyt had charge of the children who received (so lately and so very near the exhibition) these two sacraments.

Daniel Curtin, Patrick Donavan, John Hanghey, H. Higgins, Application—Wm. Ryan, Thomas Fitzgerald, O'Keefe, Michael Hughes, John Healy.

In the third and fourth classes of the male department 80 other premiums were awarded.

We should state that "the play written for the occasion" was by Mr. Hoyt. At the conclusion of the song the pupils and others present were addressed by the Very Rev. Archdeacon and the Rev. Pastor, by both of whom the boys were complimented on the success of the exhibition.

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We should state that "the play written for the occasion" was by Mr. Hoyt. At the conclusion of the song the pupils and others present were addressed by the Very Rev. Archdeacon and the Rev. Pastor, by both of whom the boys were complimented on the success of the exhibition.

The Provinces vied with each other as to which should do him most honor, and cities and towns were moved by the same spirit of generous rivalry. In Dublin he was welcomed with as much enthusiasm as in Waterford, the home of his father, and amid "the green mountains of dark Donegal" he was received as warmly as in the wilds of the West, by the shores of the Atlantic.

The Cardinal's sermons and lectures are the "string of pearls" and the connecting narrative "the silken cord" which binds them together. They are all marked by that wealth of illustration, beauty of imagery and poetry of diction so eminently characteristic of Cardinal Wiseman, whether he treats of ecclesiastical archaeology, or the wonders of physical science; whether in glowing language he bears testimony to the ever-enduring faith of Ireland, or the virtues and sufferings of its priests and prelates, his periods are marked by the same elevation of style and elegance of finish. But we know our readers would infinitely prefer some extracts from the work itself to the most labored account of its character and contents; therefore, we will call a few at random, merely prefacing them by a few words explanatory of the circumstances under which they were delivered. After speaking of "that class of sneering, sarcastic men, who disbelieve everything, even their own assertions, and almost their own existence," and their modern imitators in France, England and Germany, he adds:

Yet the taint of infidelity has not reached Ireland; it is a land in which it can no more live than any other venomous reptile. There is a repulsive vigor on its very shore, a belt of rejecting power girding its coast, which does not allow the insidious destroyer to crawl in. And of what is this formed? Is it that the great progress of learning enables you poor to oppose knowledge to knowledge, and so repel infidel teaching? Who for a moment believes it? Does any one imagine that because our children are taught to measure the distance from city to city over the map of the world, or because they learn the names and habits of four-footed beasts, of birds and fishes, the likeness of which covers their school walls, or because they are made quick at mental computation, or at grammatical derivations, they are made proof against "oppositions of knowledge, falsely so called?" You know well that it is not the extension of such secular education which prevents the corruption and seduction of the Irish people. It is their *Faith*, simple and lively, that foils and puts to rout every attempt to lead them astray; which does battle with the world of subtle disputation, bold denial and learned theories. The simple Creed in the peasant's mouth is a preservative against all errors. His humble confidence in the sound teaching of his clergy, his artless submission to the authority of his bishop, his firm attachment to the Chair of Peter, the consolations which he has derived from it in every dark and trying hour, its associations with all that is beautiful and virtuous to his mind—such are the securities of his lively faith; and these suffice to render it unchangeable. This is the *Faith* by which the things that are *not* in the estimation of the world overcome the things that are, that no flesh may glory in God's sight.

The estimation which a dignitary of the Church regards mere secular education, may be gathered from the concluding passage of the Cardinal's sermon in Dundalk:

"Let no one be led away by the idea that in endeavoring to promote material progress, religious considerations may be kept out of view. There never can or will be any good where this separation of interests is contemplated, for there is no real good but what is moral and no solid moral good which is not religious. Keep a watchful eye on every system of education which tends to lessen, still more to exclude, religious influence in its teaching. However tempting the scheme,

however liberal the promises, however plausible the motives, listen not to the proposal. By whatever names the institutions may be called, keep jealously aloof from them; but in the education of the poor, more especially, prevent, by every possible means, any encroachment on the purely Catholic principles of training the child in the knowledge and practice of religion; give him faith, strong and lively, solid and pure, and he may go forth into the world with the assurance that he will conquer."

During his stay in Dublin, Cardinal Wise man delivered a most interesting lecture "on the ornamental glass found in the Catacombs," in aid of the orphans under the charge of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The peculiarity of these glass ornaments is that in every one of them "there is a representation of some sort—figures, inscriptions, symbols, whole scenes, detached figures; in fact, every variety of representation, and all these of the brightest, most intact, and pure gold." The process by which this glittering ornamentation is preserved unburned and unobiterated, is similar to that used in the manufacture of gold mosaic at Rome. The only difference is that in the glass found in the Catacombs the gold figures or tracery is enclosed between two layers of glass, and in the mosaic the base is a vitrified substance called *smalto*.

"This substance is made in large masses, vitrified and opaque, which have to be broken with a hammer, and are of different colors. With these the large mosaics are made in the papal manufactory. Pieces are put together of different tints and shades of each so nicely graduated that they amount to about 20,000 varieties, and can copy the most delicate transitions laid in by the brush. The figures thus produced have, like old paintings, a mere background of gold, and it is of this that I am speaking. Such is the case, for example, with the splendid series of papal portraits now being restored, in mosaic, in the church of St. Paul, in Rome. That ground is prepared for them; a piece of the same material of which the mosaic is made, of a red or yellowish color, is overlaid with gold leaf, and then a thin sheet of glass is thrown over it; consequently every piece broken to any size presents a golden face, which cannot be touched by the air. It is so firmly encased between the two substances, the opaque *smalto* and the white or bright glass, that it shines through, but cannot be reached in any way by any impurity."

"When I was in Rome last I visited the establishment where such mosaics are made for the State, and I brought away a piece of this gold mosaic. I found, after my return, that there was a house in London, having extensive glass works, where they were most anxious to re-produce this material. I intrusted the piece I had to an architect, who is very well known in this city, and when I last saw him, he told me that, up to that time, they could not by any process produce the golden mosaic, and that they had been totally foiled. The only way to succeed was to learn how it was done in Rome. The moment they put the hot liquid glass on, the gold leaf curled up and burned till it was black; so that it required no little skill to make those beautiful and delicate figures, which I have described, on the Catacomb glass. The artists often left part of them not thicker than a thread, and yet they threw the glass over them so as not to spoil the finest lines. Of course we cannot ascertain the number of failures there may have been; then it must have been a very common art—an art exercised by many, and without any great difficulty. It cannot either have been a very expensive one."

These gold pictures set within the glass are not mentioned by any ancient writer, nor are they found out of Rome, their embellishments are generally selected from Christian subjects, though here and there a domestic scene is pleasingly represented. For the many surmises as to their uses we refer our readers to the work, contenting ourselves with extracting the following passage:

"Is there any connection between those ancient glasses and modern manufactures? This is a practical age, and a great many people care very little about what the ancient Christians did, unless, in some way or other, they materially benefitted or aided the advance of commerce, manufactures, or the arts of life. Now I am glad to believe that they did all this, and that this purely Christian invention is operating at the present time upon an art which is every day developing in beauty and usefulness. I believe that this Christian glass, this exclusively Christian glass, continued to be made and used up to, probably, the middle of the fourth century, and it then disappeared."

The Greeks, therefore, at that time understood the art of laying over the gold leaf a layer of glass. This was like the art of preparing the gold smalto for mosaic. It was to Venice that they first came, and gave their grandest specimens of that oriental art. These workmen settled in Venice; and it is not at all improbable that it is owing to that circumstance that Venice became the centre of

beautiful glass manufacture, as it has continued to this day, in spite of the progress that has been made elsewhere in the art. You may often yet see old Venetian looking-glasses anterior to any modern manufacture. The art of introducing opaque substances into the clear glass is, in its origin, exclusively Venetian. Those beautiful bowls, those elegant stems in which this practice is exhibited, are reckoned even yet extraordinary productions of art, which you find treasured up in museums, and for which people pay almost their weight in gold, although a few years ago they were but comparatively slightly valued. That was a Venetian art closely allied with the mosaic art of uniting transparent and opaque glass. The Bohemians have imitated it and succeeded; but I believe that in no other country but the two has the invention been brought to the perfection it originally attained in Venice, where it has continued to flourish to the present day. No doubt the connection between this and the early Christian art of representing figures on glass may not be traced with perfect genealogical accuracy; but it is quite as clear as the case of a person wishing to have well-filled quarters on a coat of arms, for whom the herald will succeed in tracing pretty well the chain, although he be obliged to refer to somewhat unconnected documents. I cannot but feel that those little glasses of the early Christians are thus the real root and beginning of the magnificent stained glass-works of the middle ages and our times; for, no doubt, the art of staining glass was a natural derivation from the art of vitrifying in colors; it was a short step from the opaque colored glass on the wall to the transparent in the windows, where the light shone through, instead of out, then—an art which began first by simple ornamentation before it ventured on complete pictures.

I will now conclude by thanking you very sincerely for having listened so attentively to this very long address, and hoping that the time which you have spent here may not have been altogether unprofitable. For it never can be without its use to turn our thoughts back upon those first glorious ages of Christianity; it never can be profitless to store our minds even with a single new idea concerning those noble confessors of the faith who are thus brought before us, not as a set of hard-headed, enduring, and inflexible men, always ready to suffer and die for their faith but rather as heroes possessing the brightest intelligence, and carrying in beautiful arts in the very minds of death. If Archimedes has been a match for the calmness with which he met death, while engaged in solving a mathematical problem, surely there deserved no less honor who meekly awaited the cruellest death, engrossed in works of taste and religion so beautifully combined. But, in fact, they were only making themselves familiar with the beauties and glories of the kingdom after which they aspired, and to which they knew their gate was martyrdom. They knew not the day nor the hour when it would be thrown open to them. Could that grace come more opportunely to one of them than when his mind was peacefully engaged in conceiving the sacred scenes which he wished to express and his hand was unwaveringly employed in depicting them? How easy for him to put down his graver and take up his palm, or stretch forth his neck to receive the very crown which he was just sketching over the head of a martyr or a virgin. Such an act was full of holy thoughts, and bred the sublimest aspirations; nor can it be without its fruits to know that faith does not quench, but give life to, the cultivation of the beautiful arts, and that one may be equally ready to illustrate or adorn it; or, if it so please God, to die for it."

The following extract will be read with much interest on account of the testimony it affords and the high character and distinguished position of the witness:—

"And now, if I may use my own experience, I will say that nothing struck me more in Ireland than the characteristic resemblance which I found everywhere among the people. You can find in different parts of Ireland what you may call different national families. In some parts you will find more robust growth, a greater physical development, while in other parts you may observe a 'race,' as it is called, not so strong, nor possessing such powerful physical characteristics. Now, these varieties are to be traced in every part of England, and in every country in the world. But in the character of the people it seemed to me that everywhere there was a resemblance which was the stamp of the most strict complete nationality; and that nationality seemed all to be one in its great principles, as well as in all that it was doing, or trying to do. The manners of the people, their looks, their countenances may be different, but one expression pervades them; there is in every man of them, wherever you go, a warmth and an expansion of heart which is totally different from what you find—from what I have found—in any other country. There is a spontaneity of expression; there is a facility of giving utterance to their thoughts; there is a brilliancy, even a poetry about them which animates the whole of the peasantry. They have a smile upon their countenance which is bright and cheering; the light of their eye is not only brilliant but most tender; and I was surprised, in the

multitude of persons whom I saw congregated, to the amount of thousands, to observe the sort of natural gentleness of bearing which belongs, most markedly, to a moral people. I never in the whole of my tour, and I have said my observation extends to tens of thousands of people, saw a rude act by one man or youth to another. When a crowd of persons came together, one group of them, who had gratified their feelings, would give way and say, 'Now let others come forward,' with a considerate and courteous manner which would do honor to any assembly of the wealthy, and what we call the educated classes. Gentlemen, I believe a moral peasant is more of a gentleman than one who is merely born or bred so. The manner too in which they make known their gratification or joy is the same throughout. I have seen for miles along the road houses shut up, the windows and doors closed, but all adorned with flowers and boughs, when they who had left behind them their emblems of their good feelings could not receive a word or look of condemnation in return. It was their way of showing the spontaneity of their feelings, and this was the case all over the country—the same form of demonstration seemed to prevail everywhere.

I have thus endeavored to show you the spirit of the people who are shaking off the dust of three hundred years, and asserting in a most noble manner their true position—you will notice I am not speaking of their political position, but their grand social position—who are advancing in education, advancing in culture, advancing in the sense of their true interests. This is what I mean by progress and the raising of Ireland to its proper position; a position which lessens jealousies, which diminishes antagonism, which makes men feel that it is not by lowering others that they raise themselves, but by taking their own flight and leaving others to follow if they can."

M. T. CICERONIS DE OFFICIS LIBRI TRES, with marginal analysis and an English Commentary; edited for the studies of the University press, by Rev. Hubert Ashton Holden, M. D., Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, late fellow and assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. First American Edition corrected and enlarged by Charles Arthur Old, Professor of Greek in Columbia College. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers. Franklin Square, 1859.

We remember reading somewhere an account of a contention, which had taken place between two stout sweepers respecting the small sum of money for which each had procured his broom. "I say Bill," says one, "how is it that your broom costs you only five cents, when mine costs me nine, and I take both the broom and handle, and put them together?" "I'll tell you why," answers Bill, "I take the broom and handle already put together." The lettering on the back where this edition is said to be *Author's*, and the title page where we discover that it is the work of an Englishman named *Holden*, reminds us of the controversy to which we have alluded. "The broom and the handle already put together" seem to have been taken and presented to the schools of this country; a few twigs perhaps may have been straightened here and there in the broom, and in consequence of this it sweeps cleaner than it otherwise would have done. The paper and type are of the best description, and the publishers deserve the thanks of all for facilitating the journey to the place to which no "Royal road leads."

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789, AS VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS. By John S. C. Abbott. With one hundred engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The fearful drama of the French Revolution is a tale that never wears; there is a fascination about the very name, and we have no doubt the story will be told and listened to again and again, while marvels retain their power to thrill the heart and enthrall the imagination. No fiction can ever compare with it in interest, but there is one wild, weird tale that we can never read without recalling that stormy epoch, and that is Frankenstein. The sculptor day by day fashioning the dread form which he alone could vivify, and to which he imparted life with unthinking fearlessness, always reminds us of the inert mass of the French people roused into life and action by a power outside itself. Therefore to us the French Revolution has all the charm of a highly wrought imaginative work, no matter who may tell the story or how, whether Thiers in an unbroken narrative, or Carlyle in a series of striking tableaux. As an historic painter, Abbott is the very antipodes of a pre-Raphaelite; his scenes are arranged with melo-dramatic art, and his incidents colored with the hues of romance. A hundred engravings of striking events or celebrated localities, add interest to the volume,

which is enriched by a very fine engraving, from Paul Delaroche's picture, of "Marie Antoinette leaving the Revolutionary Tribunal."

ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR—Etymology and Syntax abridged from the octavo edition of the English Language in its elements and forms, designed for general use in common schools. By William C. Fowler late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. New York: Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square, 1859.

Professor Fowler's work seems to be an admirable composition and well calculated to enable a person to write and speak the English language with propriety. All Grammars however, seem to us to endeavor to do as much, for they profess to make the language of which they treat, and the authors of them forget, that they merely represent what are the rules and use of speaking and writing in a country where the language is spoken in its greatest purity.

THE SECRET. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Downing & Daley.

This is an interesting story, forcibly depicting the terrors of a guilty conscience, under the pangs of remorse, which even the possession of wealth and station are insufficient to silence. The bright side of this story is found, strangely enough, in the galley of Toulon, where the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence willingly suffers, that his guilty friend may escape. His sacrifice is not without fruit—the repentance of his friend and his own sanctification are its worthy results.

WALTER THORNEY; OR, A PEER AT THE PAST. By the author of *Allen Prescott*, and Alida. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The story of a youth deprived of his inheritance always had, since the days of Jacob and Esau, a certain charm for all readers, and this charm Walter Thorney can boast. Whether he ever "enjoyed his own again," as the old Jacobite songs say, the reader will be enabled to answer when he reaches the end of the volume. We would merely state that the result must be satisfactory to all right-minded individuals.

MASS FOR THREE VOICES, WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE ORGAN. By Kienzle. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. and G. Willey.

This Mass was originally published under the patronage of the Right Rev. Bishop of Strasburg, and it is now republished with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Kienzle's Mass possesses neither attractive melodies nor massive harmonies, but the music is simple fable solemne, and as unlike the brilliant, ornate style of some church music as it is possible to conceive.

THE IRISH MELODIES. New York: Harper & Mason.

We have received the third and fourth numbers of this beautiful edition, which will sustain the promise of the first. The engravings that accompany each enhance their value considerably, and when the book is completed and bound they will form a pleasing and attractive feature in a volume that will contain the finest specimens of three arts—painting, poetry and music. The third number contains "When he who adores thee," "Oh! I think not my sports are always as light," "Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water," and the fourth, "Though the last glimpse of Erin," better known as "The Coulin," "As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow," and "Eveleen's Bower."

THE HARP. An Irish Catholic Monthly Magazine. Cork: D. Mulcahy.

We have received the July number of this thoroughly national Magazine, and we are glad to perceive by its increased dimensions that its success is certain. Ireland could ill afford to lose it while so many calumnies and falsehoods concerning her history and her people still stalk through the world unchallenged and uncontradicted. In the present number one more historic lie has been effectively exposed by the able article entitled "Siege of Galway, and Second Siege of Limerick," an array of stubborn facts that cannot be contravened. The siege of Limerick is vividly described, particularly the passage of the Shannon, the sorties of the garrison, and the fearful struggle of the raised drawbridge, while the ruthless barbarity of the English army in firing upon that portion of the town in which the women and children were known to have taken refuge, is characterized as it deserved to be. In addition to the historic

articles, there are descriptions of country scenes and celebrated localities, articles on "Irish Art," and poetry of a high order—graceful, fervid and patriotic.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.

The current number of this spirited little periodical concludes the third volume, and the editor announces that he will begin with the next "a new series of double the present size and price." This is a gratifying piece of information, indicating, as it does, the success of the Magazine and its increasing popularity. The cash system which is adopted as the rule hereafter is, we agree with the editor, "the only one possible to a periodical paying its way." We feel convinced that on this new basis the Magazine will flourish as its many merits deserve that it should.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE. New York: William Jones.

This pleasant little monthly continues to increase in interest.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for July contains an article on the change of Ministry, evidently written by one behind the scenes and in the interest of the Derby Government. "Lord Macaulay and the Massacre of Glencoe" is a pendant to the article of last month on Macaulay's estimate of Marlborough, and is well worth reading. There is a review of Michelet's *l'Amour*, under the appropriate name of "Sentimental Physiology," and a continuation of the "Lucky of Ladysmede," a story which has many elements of interest in it.

THE KNUCKERBOCKER FOR AUGUST.—The present number opens with an illustrated article on Cape May, which clearly proves the iniquity—not to use a harsher term—of remaining in New York at this season when we ought to be "borne on the billows onward" to this New Jersey paradise. The "Romance of a Poor Young Man" increases in interest, and the Editor's Table groans under its load of good things. The sketch of "Palisey, the Potter," is deeply interesting.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for AUGUST.—An interesting article on Natural History, "The Musicians of our Woods," profusely illustrated, will be read with much pleasure by all, and also another, in which the exquisite beauties of the Saracans are faithfully represented. "The Cruise of the Essex" is a historical sketch of this noble vessel from the war of 1812 up to the time of her capture by the British in 1840 outside the harbor of Valparaiso. Mr. Thackeray details his "Virginians" a long time from their home.

We have received from Peterson & Co. of Philadelphia, "Count Robert of Paris," one of the "Waverly Novels," and not the least interesting of the series. We can renew our acquaintance with the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, and his learned and loving daughter, the Princess Anna; visit the glorious city of Constantinople, go "boating down the Bosphorus," and see the outward magnificence and inward decay which provoked the assaults of Barbarians, and made it what it now is, "The City of the Sultan."

We have received from Harper & Brothers the first volume of the "LIFE OF JAEZ BUNTING, D. D., with Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events, by his son, Thomas Percival Bunting."

We have also received from John J. Daly, publisher, "The Valse de Retour," by E. Ambühl; "The Snow Bird Schottisch," by G. R. Cromwell, and "True Friendship," a song by the same composer.

We would express our acknowledgments to the following Institutions for copies of their last annual Catalogues:—Georgetown College, St. Louis University, Nazareth Female Academy, University of Notre Dame, College of Holy Cross, Mount St. Mary's College, and Loyola College.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO PRODUCTION.—A letter from Paris says:—"A committee of savans has been occupied in the investigation of the new discovery of Dr. Reybold for mastering the power of production by means of electricity. Dr. Reybold's system of applying electricity to the earth itself enables him to force the grain sown to sprout in three days. The expense is trifling, and the electric power so great, that a powerful electric shock is felt by applying the hand to the earth which has been acted upon by Dr. Reybold's machine."

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

DIOSCESE OF NEWARK.—CIRCULAR OF THE RT. REV. BISHOP ON THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME.—Bishop's House, Newark, June 1, 1859.

—Rev. and Dear Sir: Last December I received a circular, informing me that the Archbishops of the United States had agreed to make the collection, in their own Dioceses, for the American College at Rome, on the Sunday within the Octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and requesting their Suffragans to do the same. The circular came to hand too late to be acted upon, and as the time fixed upon had passed by, I thought it best to defer it until Spring. I am now informed that it is expected that the collection shall be taken up as soon as possible in those Dioceses in which it has not yet been made. I have in consequence chosen Trinity Sunday (Sunday after Pentecost; 19th June,) as the time for making the collection in this Diocese, and wish it to be taken up on that day, without fail, and the amount to be immediately transmitted to the Chancellor of the Diocese.

It is hardly necessary for me to beg of you, Reverend Sir, to take an active and personal interest in this matter. Even if this institution were not about to be organized, at the particular request, and as it were, under the immediate direction of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, its evident advantages, and almost necessity for the Church in this country, should commend it to every Catholic. The College buildings, which are very large and commodious, and a beautiful church connected with them, have been purchased and presented to the Church in this country by his Holiness, and the object of this general collection is to furnish means to make necessary alterations, to purchase a library, and fit it for the reception of students. The amount collected in each Diocese will consequently become, in some manner, a measure of its interest in the undertaking, and of its desire to co-operate with the Holy Father in this important work.

You will please, therefore, explain the whole matter clearly to your people, on the previous Sundays, and on the Sunday mentioned take up the collection yourself personally, so as to make it as large as possible, out of respect for the wishes of our Holy Father, and for the honor of the Diocese.

† JAMES, Bishop of Newark.

THE COLLECTION FOR THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME.—The following are the sums collected in the several churches named:

St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark.....	\$480
St. John's, Paterson.....	450
St. John's, Newark.....	350
St. John's, Newark.....	235 10
Assumption, Morristown.....	150
St. Peter's, Bellmore.....	15
St. Peter's, Jersey City.....	125
St. Peter's, Jersey City.....	110
St. Peter's, New Brunswick.....	100
St. John's, New Haven.....	99 71
Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken.....	92
St. Vincent's, Madison.....	80
Immaculate Conception, Bloomfield.....	74
St. Peter's, Newark.....	70
St. Peter's, Newark.....	57
St. Mary's, Elizabeth.....	50
St. Michael's, Elizabeth.....	50
St. Mary's, Rahway.....	50
St. Peter's, Elizabeth.....	45
St. Mary's, Newark.....	45 50
St. Joseph's, Hudson City.....	45
St. Paul's, Burlington.....	44 90
St. Peter's, Somers Bay.....	40
St. Mary's, Gloucester.....	40
St. Mary's, Plainfield.....	35
St. Rose, Freehold.....	24 35
Paterson German Congregation.....	12 50
Total.....	\$3,242 75

GEORGE H. DOANE, Secretary.

CONFIRMATIONS, ORDINATIONS, &c., IN THE DIOSCESE OF NEWARK.—June 26, Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the Rt. Rev. Bishop blessed the new church at Whippoor, Morris County, under the invocation of "Our Lady of Mercy," erected by Rev. Mr. Madden; a beautiful specimen of a village church. He also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, July 3 (third Sunday after Pentecost), in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Paterson, he confirmed one hundred and forty persons. An Orphan Asylum for boys has just been opened in this parish. July 22 (Feast of St. Mary Magdalene), in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, he ordained Rev. J. J. Schandel, who was educated for the sacred ministry at St. Vincent's College, near Latrobe, Pennsylvania.

Sunday, July 31, he confirmed fifty-six in the church of St. Francis of Sales, Lodi, Bergen County, N. J., and preached at the same place on the evening of that day.

MARBLE ALTAR FOR ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, SAN FRANCISCO.—By the ship Flying Mist, which arrived on Sunday, came as a portion of the cargo, thirty-seven boxes of marble, consigned to N. Larco. This marble is the altar piece for St. Mary's Cathedral in this city. It was cut by one of the most celebrated sculptors of the Royal Academy of Turin, and is said to exhibit some of the finest work of the kind. The style is Gothic, with basso-relievo figures; and from what

we hear of its excellence, we will wait with desire to see it put up, which will probably be soon. The entire lot of marble cost \$11,000 francs at Genoa, in Italy, but will cost \$4,000 laid down here. It was shipped to New York and thence to this city.

San Francisco Monitor, July 2.

DEDICATIONS OF CHURCHES IN NEW BOSTON AND VERA CRUZ, DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—The church of St. Louis, New Boston, Clermont Co., was dedicated last Sunday. It is a handsome, solid, cheap structure, not yet furnished with pews, or pulpit, but even in its present condition, reflecting much credit on the spirited Catholics of the congregation. It is of brick, 52 by 32, and 20 feet in height. The High Mass was sung by Rev. F. Oakley, Rector of St. Xavier's, and instructions were delivered in English, French and German, by the Archbishop and Rev. Mr. Stehle, who has done much for this church and congregation.

The corner stone of the new church of the Holy Ghost, and the patronage of St. Joseph, at Vera Cruz, two miles from Fayetteville and ten from New Boston, was blessed at 3 P. M. of the same day. Rev. Father Oakley preached in a beautiful grove, near the church in French, the Archbishop in English, and Rev. Mr. Stehle in German. The church will be of brick, 90 by 50 feet. It will accommodate a large number of Catholics who are now deprived of the ordinary facilities for attending church. [Cincinnati Telegraph, July 23.]

CONFIRMATIONS IN FAYETTEVILLE.—There were, says the Cincinnati Telegraph of July 23, eighty confirmed in Saint Patrick's church Fayetteville, at 5 P. M., same day. The youth were publicly examined by the Archbishop, previously to the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation, and showed that they had been well instructed in the Catechism and Scripture History.

CONFIRMATIONS IN PHENIXVILLE.—The Sacrament of Confirmation, says a letter in The Catholic Herald and Visitor of the 30th July, was administered by the Right Rev. Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, to about ninety persons belonging to St. Mary's Church, Phenixville, on Sunday, the 17th instant. Besides giving an exhortation to those to be confirmed, he also preached an eloquent and impressive sermon after the Gospel, taking his text from the Gospel of the morning.

In the afternoon he preached another able discourse on the supereminent dignity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to a large congregation, who listened with the greatest attention to every word that fell from his lips. He expressed himself highly gratified at the order and decorum of the whole congregation, and particularly those who were confirmed, complimenting, at the same time, the Pastor, Rev. P. Phanil, for the neat and beautiful appearance of the church.

The people were all highly delighted with his visit; all were pleased with his gentle and amiable manner, and prayed that God might give him health and strength to labor for many years in his vineyard.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH, BUFFALO.—The Corner-stone of this church, says the Buffalo Sentinel of the 23d ult., was laid, according to the announcement in our last issue. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, preceded by Young's excellent band, and the Sons of Erin, accompanied by Professor Frank's band, and St. Peter's Society, proceeded in procession to St. Mary's Church on Batavia street, where the different German Societies were in readiness, and at three o'clock the procession moved along Fine street to Chicago street, &c. The turn-out was highly creditable, and the beautiful banners and handsome regalia, with the excellent music of the bands, attracted attention. Arriving at the location of the new church, corner of Louisiana and Fulton streets, an immense number of people were present.

The Right Rev. Bishop Timon officiated, assisted by a number of Clergymen. The inscription deposited gives the name of the Church—St. Bridget's—date of laying the Corner-stone, His Holiness Pope Pius Ninth, Archbishop of the Diocese, Bishop of the Diocese, Pastor of the Church, President of the United States, Governor of the State of New York, Mayor of the City of Buffalo, Architect, names of the Catholic papers, &c., according to Pontifical rites.

The Right Rev. Bishop preached an eloquent and timely discourse, that was listened to with marked attention by the thousands present, many of them outside the pale of the Church, who were anxious to witness the ceremony.

At the conclusion of the service the Societies again formed into procession and marched along Perry street to Michigan street and up to Batavia street, where the Societies belonging to St. Mary's proceeded to their Hall, and the Irish Societies accompanied St. Peter's and St. Michael's Societies home. The occasion was one to rejoice the Catholic heart,

to witness the different nationalities moving as a band of brothers, and as emblematic of Catholic unity—that knows no difference in the followers of the Cross—but all anxious to honor their Great Master here in time that they may join Him in eternity. We know we but express the heartfelt desire of the worthy Pastor of St. Bridget's and the Catholic generally of the vicinity, and the members of the Irish Societies, when we return thanks to the officers and members of the German and French Societies for their spirited turnout on the occasion. May the same feeling of Christian friendship long continue among the Catholics of this city, no matter where or when born, but as soldiers of the Cross, they will ever be found governed by the holy influences of the Religion and the example of the Divine Founder of the true Church.

Having last week referred to the dimensions of the church &c., it will suffice to say in conclusion that the zealous pastor, Rev. M. O'Connor, and his spirited flock, purpose proceeding to work at an early day and put on the roof before the Fall weather sets in.

SOLEMN HIGH MASS OF REQUEM IN PITTSBURGH CATHEDRAL FOR THE REPOSE OF THE SOUL OF REV. THOMAS McCULLAGH.—According to announcement, the Clergy of the city, and almost all those who reside west of the Mountains, assembled in the Cathedral at nine o'clock on the morning of the 20th inst. It was gratifying to see twenty-two Priests assembled in the Sanctuary to offer up their fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of their deceased brother. Nor did the laity show less interest, as the large concourse in the church clearly attested.

The Office of the Dead was commenced shortly after nine o'clock, Rev. Messrs. D. Kearney and Farren acting as chanters, and Rev. Jerome Kearney as Master of the ceremonies. At the close of the Office Rev. Messrs. Reynolds, O'Farrell, and Christy, went into the Sacristy to vest for the solemn High Mass of Requiem; the Rev. Mr. Reynolds being celebrant, and Rev. Messrs. O'Farrell and Christy, Deacon and Sub-deacon. At the conclusion of the Mass, Very Rev. Mr. McMahon put on the black cope, and gave the Absolution usual on such occasions.

All—both Priests and people, whilst they regretted the loss of so zealous, learned, and pious a clergyman as Mr. McCullagh unquestionably—seemed to be pleased at this mark of respect rendered to his memory. No doubt, many present whilst supplicating God in his behalf, cried out in the fervor of their hearts: "May my soul die the death of the just, and may my last end be like theirs"—Requiescat in pace. [Pittsburg Cath., July 30.]

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore took last week a journey to the West—to remain but a short time.

Right Rev. Doctor Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, passed through Baltimore on Wednesday the 27th ult., on his way to Washington city. He was in the enjoyment of good health.

RATION OF BISHOP GRACE.—Right Rev. Dr. Grace was consecrated Bishop of St. Paul in the Cathedral at St. Louis, on Sunday 23d ult., by Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis. There were several Prelates present, and Bishop Duggan of Chicago, preached on the occasion.

FOREIGN.

PROFESSION OF NUNS AT CLIFDEN, CONNEMARA.—The Archbishop of Tuam arrived at Clifden, Connemara, on Monday last, accompanied by a number of the clergy of the diocese. On Tuesday morning His Grace proceeded to the Parochial Church, where he performed the holy ceremony of receiving into the Community of the Sisters of Mercy two young ladies—namely, Miss O'Connor (in religion, Sister Mary Teresa), daughter to the late Alderman Henry O'Connor, J. P., ex-Mayor of Sligo, and sister to Rev. Mr. O'Connor of Croghan, county Rosecommon, who so distinguished himself in protecting his flock from the proselytizing crusades of Croghan notoriety; and Miss Kelly (in religion Sister Mary Augustine), daughter to Michael Kelly, Esq., Mirehill, county Galway. The holy ceremony commenced at half-past eight in the morning, and at that early hour the church was crowded. Both young ladies took the white veil from His Grace's hands—seemed to be Rev. Thos. Ronane of Clifden, Rev. Eugene Coyne, Tuam, and the Rev. Prioress of the Convent. These ladies have set out on an evangelical mission—relieving the destitute, comforting the afflicted, teaching the ignorant, doing the will of their Father who sent them, under the guidance of their Holy Mother, who will protect them, and laying up for themselves treasures, not of gold or silver, but treasures which neither moth nor rust can destroy.

DEATH OF FATHER MAT JOYCE.—It is our melancholy duty to announce the demise of this reverend priest, who was attached to the parish of St. Nicholas for over forty years.

He was in the seventy-fifth year of his age. The character of the good father was fully appreciated by all his brethren, as well as by his parishioners. He was zealous in his mission as a clergyman, and the urbanity of his manner, and his peculiar and witty wit made him friends and admirers wherever he was known. May his gentle spirit rest in peace.

[Galway Vindicator.]

PROFESSION OF A NUN AT MOUNTMELICK.—

The interesting ceremony of the profession of a religious took place in the beautiful little chapel of the Presentation Convent, Mountmellick, on Sunday, July 3d. His Lordship Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the Diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, officiated on the occasion, assisted by the respected P. P., Rev. Mr. Healy, and several other clergymen from the neighboring parishes. The young lady who thus solemnly dedicated herself forever to the service of God and the education of His poor was Miss Ellen Duffy, now Sister Mary Joseph, daughter of the late Luke Duffy, Esq., Naas. A sermon suited to the occasion, and worthy in every way of the Rev. gentleman's character as an earnest and eloquent minister of God's word, was preached by Rev. P. Clarke, C.C., Mountmellick.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BELFAST.

—On Sunday, after service in St. Patrick's Chapel, Donegall street, Right Rev. Dr. Denivir held a meeting of the Roman Catholics of the parish of Belfast, for the purpose of nominating a committee and appointing collectors of funds for the erection of a new Roman Catholic church. For some time past, the Bishop said, their houses of worship had been quite inadequate to the accommodation of the members of their communion. Although there were four services at each of the houses every Sunday morning, number of people, not able to find room in the building, were obliged to kneel in the yard, and even outside the railings. The Bishop exhibited a front elevation, and the plans of the new edifice. It is intended to be about 169 feet long by 65 feet broad, with nave and chancel. The architecture will be of the Gothic style—the elevation presenting a lofty tower on either side of the porch. The interior will be fitted up in continental fashion, without galleries, and having the altar so placed that all the people can see and hear the service without inconvenience. An eligible site has been obtained in the neighborhood of the Model School—the ground being the generous donation of Mr. Bernard Hughes. It is considered value for £100 per annum, and is granted free of rent forever. The committee for carrying out the work, which will be commenced forthwith, are to be appointed by ballot. Large subscriptions from heads of families are promised, and from the apparent enthusiasm of the people, the necessary funds will be speedily raised. [Northern Whig.]

ARCHBISHOP SPACCIPIETRA'S DEPARTURE FROM THE WEST INDIES.—We learn from the Trinidad papers that the departure of Archbishop Spacciopietra on the 21st ult. for Europe had thrown quite a gloom over the community, not only the Roman Catholics, comprising the great bulk of the population, but many of other denominations, whose respect and affection had been won by his eminent virtues and accomplishments, viewing it as a great public calamity. "Since November, 1855," writes

The Port of Spain Gazette, "when Monseigneur Spacciopietra arrived here as Papal Legate, to see how far the status of the Church in this diocese was susceptible of improvement, nearly six years of unremitting exertions have passed. His temporary sojourn has been so prolonged, that it almost came to be regarded as a permanent residence. During this period missionary zeal and assiduity in the functions of his office and an almost marvellous energy in the discharge of all the duties of his high position have rendered his Archiepiscopate a marked and memorable epoch; while his never-fleeting paternal solicitude in the members of his flock, his benevolence, tenderness, and devoted thought for each one's temporal and spiritual welfare, have made him idolized by vast numbers of the people. The very thoroughness of his views made it impossible for him not to raise many enemies, or, to put it in the mildest form—unswerving opponents to his opinions; but that he was an indefatigable minister and genuine champion of his own faith, the most determined of these will grant. It will be, therefore, little matter for surprise that his departure was looked upon by thousands as a calamity, and followed by general lamentation."

His Grace left in the French Steamer L'Ardent, which had been placed at his disposal by the Governor of Martinique.

The festival of Corpus Christi had passed without the usual procession. "The weather," The Press says, "was unpropitious, and we fear that the hearts of hundreds who have hitherto taken part in the festival were heavy at the thought that he was gone whose presence lent a charm which they may not soon see again." [Barbados Liberal, July 2.]

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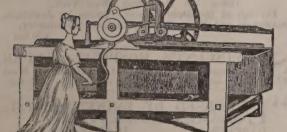
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